

# SPIRIT

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### AERONAUTIC VOYAGE ACROSS THE IRISH CHANNEL.

From the Literary Gazette, Dec. 1817.

WE do not think this extraordinary voyage has received enough of public attention. The renewal of the Habeas Corpus Suspension and other political matters, about the period it was performed, were the wonders of the day; and an excursion singularly curious to science was passed over as silently and rapidly as the young aeronaut himself passed over the Channel. We deem it worthy a niche in our Temple.

It may be remembered that Mr. Sadler, senior, made a similar attempt in October 1812; and though it was believed at the time he might have made the coast of Cumberland or Scotland, yet in his endeavour to steer a course for Lancashire, the winter night overtook him, and having dropped into the sea, he was providentially rescued by a fishing vessel from a watery grave. The narrative of this bold adventure, published soon after, is extremely interesting, though written in a style of *inflation*, not out of unison with a balloon story. It is perhaps the fault of these narratives that they do not enter sufficiently into the minute philosophical detail of natural appearances, and of the indications given by the instruments with which the car is furnished: that they are rather descriptive than scientific. It may indeed be fairly urged in their defence, that the object of the attempts was not atmospheric

or other experiments, but simply to try, by the use of gas and ballast, to fall in with, and take advantage of currents of air, so skilfully as to be wafted to a proposed destination. In the latter case this was fully accomplished, and its accomplishment forms an era in the annals of aerostation more surprising than that of de Rozier, which the poet so beautifully paints:

So on the cloudless air the intrepid Gaul  
Launched the vast concave of his floating ball.  
Journeying on high, the silken castle glides,  
Bright as a meteor through the azure tides;  
O'er towns, and towers, and temples, wins its way,  
Or mounts sublime and gilds the vault of day.  
Silent with upturned eyes unbreathing crowds  
Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds;  
And flushed with transport, or benumbed with fear,  
Watch, as it rises, the diminished sphere.  
—Now less and less—and now a speck is seen;  
And now the fleeting rack obtrudes between.  
The calm philosopher in ether sails,  
Views broader stars and breathes in purer gales;  
Sees like a map in many a waving line,  
Round earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine;  
Sees at his feet the forked lightnings glow,  
And hears innocuous thunders roar below.

Inheriting, as it should seem, the cool intrepidity of his father, and unmoved by the perils of his preceding expedition, Mr. Windham Sadler chose a more auspicious season; and all the requisite preparations being made, ascended from Portobello Barracks near Dublin, at 20 minutes past 1 o'clock, P. M. on Tuesday the 22d of July last. The balloon, the

narrative says, was comparatively small, but its specific dimensions are not mentioned. The design being to cross the Channel as directly and quickly as possible, it was prudently determined by the aeronaut to keep as entirely in the lower regions of the air as he could, thereby avoiding the loss of time in ascending and descending, as well as the expenditure of gas. The ascent was fine, with a light wind from the W. S. W. which in a few minutes raised the traveller to a height, whence the glorious landscape below was visible in all the sublime variety of land and sea, hill and valley, city and hamlet, together with winding coast and promontories, and, in particular, the Wicklow mountains, forming altogether a panorama, of the grandeur of which we may imagine something, but must take an aerial voyage fully to comprehend. This was, however, but a glimpse: a congregation of vaporous clouds soon obscured the voyager from every eye, and all the world from his eye.

The sensation of cold on entering this cloud caused Mr. S. to put on some additional clothing; and finding, from the distention of the balloon, that his elevation was greater than he intended, he opened the valve, and threw out some pieces of paper, which, as they appeared to recede, indicated a continued ascent, notwithstanding this expedient, and he speedily soared above the cloud, and reached a clearer atmosphere. Here the balloon seemed to remain stationary for above two minutes,—occasional glimpses of the terrene were caught through the rolling masses of vapour, the reports of guns were heard, and the balloon now descending as rapidly as it had risen, a few minutes past two o'clock it was found to be perpendicular over the hill of Howth, so that very small progress indeed had been made during the forty-five minutes which had already elapsed.

Not discouraged, Mr. S. threw out about 40lb. of ballast, again ascended, passed over Howth to the right of Ireland's Eye, and kept in the same direction till 25 minutes after 2, when he reached a second current of air from the W. N. W. and was borne, at within 14 minutes to 3, completely clear of the eastern extremity of the hill.

We now follow his own narrative:

My elevation was at this time about *two miles and a half*, the Thermometer standing at 38, when, on a sudden, I was enveloped in a *snow shower*, the effect of which, as the sun-beam glanced on the descending flakes, was brilliant beyond description; it was, however, but of short duration, and speedily clearing away, I again enjoyed a serene atmosphere, and distinctly traced the indented coast from the North of Dublin, towards Drogheda and Newry, and on the southward, that rounding from Bray Head towards Wexford.

In the midst, however, of the varied and attractive prospect, none was more anxiously looked for than the *WELSH COAST*, the immediate object of my destination, and at length this was added to my other gratifications, as at *five minutes past three* I caught the first glimpse of the lofty mountain tops of the *PRINCIPALITY*—my anxiety being removed, and my spirits raised by the view, I now partook of some refreshment, and here, although at no very great altitude, perceived a *phenomenon*, which I had never before observed, and which affected me even to a degree of extreme uneasiness, namely, that as the sun shone upon the car, the parts of my body immediately exposed to its influence were warm, almost to oppression, while the extremities endured the contrary sensation of the most rigorous cold. The thermometer, in the shade stood at 37, but exposed to the sun it rose to 75.

Having refreshed myself, and holding the object of my destination full in view, my chief care was now to make the course as direct as possible, and for that purpose to keep the balloon steadily in the current of air which was rapidly wafting me to the coast of Wales, and that apparently to the southward of Holyhead; to effect this, I therefore frequently used the counteracting powers of the *gas* and *ballast*, at intervals permitting small portions of the former to escape, or casting over a part of the latter, so as to keep the balloon at an equal altitude, by which means my course was a *direct line* across the Channel.

Finding that every thing answered in the most perfect manner, my sensations arising not only from the prospect of ultimate success, but from my immediate situation, can better be conceived than conveyed by language—seated at ease and security in the middle regions of a calm and serene atmosphere, wafted with a *rapid* but *unobserved* motion over the broad expanse of ocean heaving its undulating billows far below me—enjoying at one glance the opposite shores of Ireland and Wales, with the entire circumference of the Isle of Man, attracted here and there by the gliding vessels, *twenty-one* of which in one fleet, formed a striking object as they directed their course to the northward—all combined, may convey some faint idea of the splendid view which spread itself in all directions around.

At *ten minutes past four*, I could distinctly see the long-projected shadow of the balloon passing over the surface of the waters, and at *half-past four* discerned the moon, but with no other appearance than as seen from the earth in a clear day.—Within *20 minutes of five* I could still perceive the projecting point of Howth, on which the new Light-house is erected, a circumstance which I attributed to the situation in which I was placed, and that of the sun being in the *West*, bringing it more immediately under the lustre of its beams—at this time the sea presented a most splendid appearance, the sun still lighting with a purple tint its evening waves, which began to be a lit-

the agitated by the breeze, and which here and there breaking into foam, added to the interest of the scene.

I could now obviously perceive that my course had been rapid, and my journey nearly accomplished, as at within *ten minutes of six o'clock*, I distinctly saw the enclosures on the Island of Holyhead, and shortly after, the pier at the town.

Being now very near land at *23 minutes past six*, I began to prepare for a descent, and for this purpose run out the grappling-line, putting the necessary loose articles in safety, and casting over the remainder, amongst others, three eggs, one of which broke into a number of pieces before reaching the sea; the exact time of another in coming in contact with the water, was 29 seconds, an interval of time which will show that my elevation was not great, and that I had been enabled so to regulate the balloon as to preserve a *given altitude*, and to pursue a *direct line*.

"Within a *quarter of seven o'clock* I was a little to the *southward* of the Light-house on Holyhead, when perceiving a suitable place on which to alight, I in a few minutes opened the valve, when the balloon descending, a current of air brought me at once within a short distance of the spot which I had selected, and the grappling-iron touching the earth, the balloon remained stationary, at within *twelve feet of the ground*: the evening was serenely calm, and a number of persons having assembled to aid me at the moment of descent, it was effected in a manner the most successful; the machine being perfectly poised, and the quantity of gas expelled so accurate, that the weight of the disengaged grapple prevented its rising, and the yet remaining buoyancy of the balloon kept it floating from the ground; so that permitting more gas to escape, the car gently touched the earth, and at *five minutes after seven o'clock* I TROD ON THE SHORES OF WALES, THE FIRST AERONAUT WHO HAD SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED THE PASSAGE OF THE IRISH CHANNEL."

Our intention being rather to preserve the memorial of this remarkable undertaking than to enter into any of the philosophical enquiries to which it so naturally leads, we shall merely notice the important proof it affords of the possibility of directing a balloon through the air, in a certain degree at least, towards a given point. When so much has been done in finding currents, by ascending

and descending till those required were met with; it is evident, that if any lateral motion could be communicated to the machine, not only would the chance of obtaining auspicious breezes be increased by the extended range in space, but even in currents partially adverse, a counteracting impulse, like the steering and tacking of a ship, might produce a wonderful effect. Blanchard declared his oars were of little use, but Roberts and Hulin, who ascended at Paris, assert that they were enabled by the use of two oars, to deviate no less than  $22^{\circ}$ . from the direction of the wind.

It may appear absurd to some persons; but when we consider the infancy of this science, and the extraordinary discoveries made and making with respect to chemical agents, we confess we are not without hopes of seeing, in our own time, such improvements in the art of navigating the air, as being expressed at this moment might expose us to ridicule. It would be a delightful thing, if it could be attained, to travel so easily at the rate of 50 miles an hour, wherever one wished to go;—a jest-loving companion at our elbow adds, "to have a gentleman order his balloon at 11 o'clock at Hyde Park Corner, intending to visit a friend to dinner at 5 in Prince's-Street, Edinburgh!"

But when we reflect on the many important natural phenomena in the investigation and solution of which aerostation is calculated to form so conspicuous an agent, it is not too much to hope, that it may be prosecuted with the zeal and enthusiasm it merits. To the Messrs. Sadlers science is much indebted for their exertions, and it is a pity that enlarged public encouragement has not more amply aided their individual labours.

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From La Belle Assemblée, December 1817.

### PAUL, THE ASIATIC HUNTER.

**P**AUL was, for many years, employed as superintendant of the elephants stationed at Danpore, generally from fifty to an hundred in number. This remarkable man was about six feet two inches in height, his make was more than proportionably stout, and his disposition was completely indicative of the country

which gave him birth.\* Nothing could ever rouse him to a state of merriment, even amidst the uproar of midnight festivity, of which he partook freely; but, without being affected in the least by copious libations, even of spirits, while others confined themselves to wine.

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\* He was a German.

Paul would sit nearly silent, with an unvarying countenance, twirling his thumbs, and occasionally volunteering with a German song, delivered with closed eyes, the thumbs still twirling, and with obvious tokens of delight, at the sound of his own voice; which, though not offensive, was by no means equal to his own opinion of its merits. Paul never took offence; he was bent on making money, and his exertions were in the end amply successful. He was possessed of a coolness and presence of mind, which gave him a wonderful superiority in all matters relating to tyger-hunting. He rarely rode but on a bare pad, and ordinarily by himself, armed with an old musket, and furnished with a small pouch containing his powder and ball. He was, however, remarkably nice in the selection of elephants for this purpose; and as he was for many years in charge of such numbers, in which changes were perpetually made, from requisitions for service, and from new arrivals, we may justly conclude, that he did not fail to keep himself well provided, by the reservation of such as were, in his opinion, best qualified for his views.

The consciousness of his own corporeal powers, as well as the steadiness of the animal that bore him, and the continual practice in which he lived, could not fail to render Paul successful, even had his disposition been somewhat less phlegmatic, and his mind less steady. Accordingly all were governed by him, when after game; for which he would

search to a great distance, and would perhaps set off thirty or forty miles with as many elephants, on hearing of a tyger having committed depredations. As to hog-hunting, Paul thought it beneath his notice; and, as he used to express himself, "left that to the boys." Indeed, it was very rare to see him on a horse. His weight and disinclination, no doubt, were partly the causes of his rarely taking to the saddle; but, as he was a great dealer in elephants, we may fairly conjecture, that the display of such as were ready for the market, was the motive which operated principally towards his riding elephants on all occasions.

Paul's aims were at the head or the heart, and in general his shots were well placed; rarely deviating many inches from the parts at which he levelled his musket. He charged very amply, and never missed of effect for want of powder.

He used often to remark, that he could instantly, at sight of a tyger, decide whether or not it had been in the habit of attacking the human race, or whether its devastations had been confined to cattle, &c. He observed that such as had once killed a man, ever after cared little for any other prey; and that they could be distinguished by the remarkable darkness of their skins, and by a redness in the cornea, or whites of the eyes.

Paul was assuredly a competent judge, but this assertion partook more of hypothesis than reason.---*Oriental Field Sports.*

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From the Literary Gazette.

### DR. DRAKE'S "SHAKSPEARE AND HIS TIMES."

**T**HERE is so much curious matter concentrated in these volumes that we offer no excuse for returning to them.

The state of English literature at the period when our immortal Bard added his brilliant light to the galaxy is thus noticed by way of introduction.

"The literary period of which we are proceeding to give a slight sketch, may be justly considered as the most splendid in our Annals; for in what equal portion of our history can we bring forward three such mighty names as Spenser, Bacon, and Shakspeare, each, in

their respective departments, remaining without a rival?"

"Literature, which had for centuries been confined to ecclesiastics and scholars by profession, was, at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, thrown open to the higher classes of general society. The example was given by the Queen herself; and the nobility, the superior orders of the gentry, and even their wives and daughters, became enthusiasts in the cause of letters. The novelty which attended these studies, the eager desire to possess what had been so long and jeal-

ously concealed, and the curiosity to explore and rifle the treasures of the Greek and Roman world, which mystery and imagination had swelled into the marvellous, contributed to excite an absolute passion for books. The court, the ducal castle, and the baronial hall, were suddenly converted into academies, and could boast of splendid libraries, as well as of splendid tapestries. In the first of these, according to Ascham, might be seen the Queen reading "more Greeke every day than some Prebendarie of this church doth read *Latin* in a whole week," and while she was translating Isocrates or Seneca, it may be easily conceived that her maids of honour found it convenient to praise and to adopt the disposition of her time. In the second, observes Warton, the daughter of a duchess was taught not only to distil strong waters, but to construe Greek; and in the third, every young lady who aspired to be fashionable, was compelled, in imitation of the greater world, to exhibit similar marks of erudition."

With so many blue-stocking Countesses, and Dames, and Misses, it may readily be believed, that the male sex devoted themselves to learned pursuits; and accordingly we find it stated on contemporary authority. (Harrison's description of England.)

"This further is not to be omitted, to the singular commendation of both sorts and sexes of our Courtiers here in England, that there are verie few of them, which have not the use and skill of sundrie speaches, beside an excellent veine of writing before time not regarded.—Trulie it is a rare thing with us now, to heare of a Courtier which hath but his own language. And to saie how many gentiewomen and ladies there are, that beside sound knowledge of the Greeke and Latine toongs, are thereto no lesse skilfull in the Spanish, Italian, and French, or in some one of them, it resteth not in me; sith I am persuaded, that as the noblemen and gentlemen do surmount in this behalfe, so these come verie little or nothing at all behind them for their parts; which industrie God continue, and accomplish that which otherwise is wanting!"

This taste, however, was far from pervading, as it does in our days, the bulk

of an enlightened people. Literature was almost confined to the metropolis and to persons of rank; and in the country, to read and write were still rare accomplishments. The next century, thank Heaven, saw mental cultivation diffused throughout the kingdom and every class of society, and at the present era we may fairly anticipate the time, when not to be able to read and write will be considered, even in the lowest, as great a phenomenon as the capacity to do either was esteemed in the middle ranks two hundred years ago.

Several of Shakspeare's countrymen were upon the stage, and celebrated comedians, when he arrived in London; and it is probable that an acquaintance with Heminge and the two Burbages introduced him at once to the town as a performer, as well as his brother Edmund, who was a player at the Globe, and dying in 1607, was buried in St. Saviour's Church, Borough, as appears from the records of that parish, 31 December, same year. Dr. Drake contends, on good grounds, that William Shakspeare was an able and meritorious actor; but, as we would rather trace him in his more splendid and enduring course, we leave this portion of the work to pursue his literary track.

About 1587, the poem of *Venus and Adonis* appears to have been written, though the first edition was not published till 1593; two or three years after the author had commenced dramatic poet. It was dedicated, as well as the *Rape of Lucrece*, to the Earl of Southampton, the friend of Essex, and the munificent patron of our bard. His first drama, Dr. Drake holds to be *Pericles*, a play which is alluded to in the prologue to *The Hogge has lost his Pearle*, and the date of which is assigned to 1590. Dr. D. proceeds thence to show the probable order and chronology of the genuine dramas—in all, thirty-five plays in twenty-three years.

During this brilliant period, and rather more than an equal number of years preceding and following, namely, during the reign of Elizabeth, flourished with great celebriry as poets, Beaumont (Sir John,) Breton, Browne, Chalkhill, Chapman, Churchyard, Constable, Daniel, Davies, Davors, Donne, Drayton, Drum-

mond, Fairfax, Fitzgeffrey, the Fletchers (Giles and Phineas,) Gascoigne, Greene, Hall, Harrington, Jonson, Lodge, Marlow, Marston, Niccols, Raleigh, Sackville, Southwell, Spenser, Stirling, Sydney, Sylvester, Turberville, Tusser, Warner, Watson, Willobie, Wither, and Wotten, who may be considered the forty master-bards of the age. But to these might be added the names of very near two hundred (193) minor poets, who, with their works, are known to the learned in black letter: the whole furnishing a sufficient proof that the Shaksperian age which produced two hundred and thirty-three authors who published their poetry in the collected form of volumes, was indeed an era fertile in verse and versifiers.

Of the chief of these writers, our author gives concise and interesting biographical sketches, together with specimens of their style; and, as our enumeration of names may be thought rather dry, we shall, with our readers' permission, digress into this part of his work, and extract a few of the passages which seem to us to contain information and examples least generally known respecting the contemporaries of Shakspeare.

Thomas Lodge, M. D. "has the double honour of being the first who published in our language, a collection of Satires, so named; and of having suggested to Shakspeare the plot of his *As You Like It*. \* \* \* The work which gives him precedence as a writer of professed satires, is entitled, "A Fig for Momus; containing pleasant varietie, included in Satyrs, Eulogues, and Epistles, by T. L. of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. 1595." It is dedicated to William, Earle of Darbie, and, though published two years before the appearance of Hall's Satires, possesses a spirit, ease, and harmony, which that more celebrated poet has not surpassed. Than the following lines, selected from the first satire, we know few which, in the same department, can establish a better claim to vigour, truth, and melody:—

All men are willing with the world to haulte,  
But no man takes delight to knowe his faulte—  
Tell bleer-eid Linus that his sight is cleere,  
Heele pawne himselfe to buy thee bread and beere;—  
Find me a niggard that doth want the shift  
To call his cursed avarice good thrift;

A rakehell sworne to prodigallitie  
That dares not term it liberalitie;  
A lecher, that hath lost both flesh and fame,  
That holds not lecherie a pleasant game:—  
Thus with the world, the world dissembles still,  
And, to their own confusions, follow will;  
Holding it true felicitie to flie  
Not from the sinne, but from the seeing eie.

"In Lodge, we find whole pastorals and odes, which have all the ease, polish, and elegance of a modern author. How natural is the sentiment, and how sweet the expression of the following in *Old Damon's Pastoral*:

Homely hearts do harbour quiet;  
Little fear, and mickle solace;  
States suspect their bed and diet;  
Fear and craft do haunt the palace.

Little would I, little want I,  
Where the mind and store agreeth;  
Smallest comfort is not scanty;  
Least he longs that little seeth.

Time hath been that I have longed,  
Foolish I to like of folly,  
To converse where honour thronged,  
To my pleasures linked wholly:

Now I see, and seeing sorrow  
That the day consum'd returns not:  
Who dare trust upon to-morrow,  
When nor time nor life sojourns not!

How charmingly he breaks out in the *Solitary Shepherd's Song*:

O shady vale, O fair enriched meads,  
O sacred bowers, sweet fields, and rising mountains,  
O painted flowers, green herbs where Flora treads,  
Refresh'd by wanton winds, and watery fountains!

We shall close this notice of Dr. Lodge with one exquisite quotation more from *Rosalind's Madrigal*.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,  
Doth suck his sweet:  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his rest;  
His bed amidst my tender breast;  
My kisses are his daily feast;  
And yet he robs me of my rest.  
Ah, Wanton, will ye?

The dress of the Citizen, in Shakspeare's time, was, if less elegant, equally showy, and sometimes fully as expensive as that of the man of fashion. The medium habit may, with great probability, be considered as sketched in the following humorous tale, derived from a popular pamphlet, printed in 1609:

A Citizen, for recreation-sake,  
To see the Country, would a journey take

Some dozen mile, or very little more ;  
 Taking his leave with friends two months before,  
 With drinking healths, and shaking by the hand,  
 As he had travail'd to some new-found-land.  
 Well : taking horse with very much ado,  
 London he leaveth for a day or two ;  
 And as he rideth, meets upon the way  
 Such as (what haste soever) bid men stay.  
 " Sirrah ! (says one) stand, and your purse deliver,  
 I am a *taker*, thou must be a *giver*."  
 Unto a wood hard by they hale him in,  
 And rifle him unto his very skin.  
 " Maisters, (quoth he) pray heare me ere ye go :  
 For you have rob'd more now than you do know.  
 My horse, in truth, I borrow'd of my brother :  
 The bridle and the saddle, of another :  
 The *jerkin* and the *bases* be a taylor's :  
 The *scarfe*, I do assure you, is a saylour's :

The *falling band* is likewise none of mine,  
 Nor *cuffes* ; as true as this good light doth shine.  
 'The *satin-doublet* and *rays'd velvet hose*  
 Are our Church-warden's—all the parish knows.  
 The boots are John the Grocer's at the Swan :  
 The spurs were lent me by a serving man.  
 One of my rings, that with the great red stone,  
 In sooth I borrow'd of my Gossip Jone :  
 Her husband knows not of it, Gentlemen !  
 Thus stands my case :—I pray shew favour then."  
 " Why, (quoth the theeves) thou need'st not greatly  
 care,  
 Since in thy loss so many bear a share.  
 The world goes hard : many good fellows lacke :  
 Looke not, at this time, for a penny backe :  
 Go, tell, at London, thou did'st meete with foure  
 That, rifling thee, have rob'd at least a *score*."

## DR. COLEY'S ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF CAPT. COOK.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,  
 ON reading the statement of the real cause of the death of Captain Cook, in your publication for November 1st, it brought to my recollection the account of that melancholy transaction, as related to me at Owhyhee. I visited Owhyhee, as surgeon of his Majesty ship Cornwallis in 1808, and from a manuscript account of the voyage, I send you the following particulars, which I obtained from an Englishman of the name of Young, who had resided on the island upwards of fifteen years, and was married to a daughter of the king's brother. All the circumstances relative to this man, are minutely detailed in Captain Vancouver's voyages.—When our great circumnavigator first visited Owhyhee, the Morai was surrounded with a high railing, which was taken on board the Resolution for fire-wood ; Captain Cook having requested permission to do so, in consequence of the scarcity of wood, except at a distance from the ship. The following is the account of this transaction, as recorded in Cook's Voyage.—“ Our ships were much in want of fuel, therefore Captain Cook desired Mr. King to treat with the priests, for the purchase of the rail on the Morai. Mr. King had his doubts about the *decency of this overture*, and apprehended that the bare mention of it might be deemed *impious* ; but in this he was exceedingly *mistaken*. They expressed no kind of surprise at the application, and the wood was delivered without the least stipulation. Whilst

our people were taking it away, a priest saw one of them with a carved image ; and upon inquiry, was informed, that the whole semicircle (as mentioned in the description of the Morai,) had been carried to the boats.—Though the natives were spectators of this business, they did not seem to resent it ; but, on the contrary, had even assisted in the removal. Mr. King thought proper to mention the particulars to Kaoo ; who seemed exceedingly indifferent about the matter, begging him only to restore the center image ; which was immediately done, and it was conveyed to one of the priests' houses.”

Young, the Englishman I have before alluded to, assured me this circumstance was the principal cause of the death of Captain Cook : he told me, the priests did not understand the precise nature of Mr. King's request. The Morai is always under the influence of the Taboo, and every thing belonging to it is held by the natives sacred and inviolable ; it therefore appears unaccountable, that Captain Cook should have made such a request ; particularly as he was not unacquainted with the religious rites and ceremonies of the natives. That the transaction I have described, or some other affair not recorded, made a very unfavourable impression on the minds of the islanders, is proved by their conduct on the return of the ships to Kara-kakooa Bay, which is thus described : “ Our reception on coming to anchor was so different from what

it had been upon our first arrival, that we were all astonished: no shouts, bustle, or confusion, but a solitary deserted Bay, with hardly a canoe stirring." In a subsequent part of the same page it states; "Various were our conjectures on the cause of this extraordinary appearance, when the whole mystery was unravelled by the return of a boat, which we had sent on shore, bringing intelligence that Terreoboo was absent, and that the bay was tabooed. This account appeared very satisfactory to many of us; but others were of opinion, that there was, at this time, something very suspicious in the behaviour of the natives; and that the taboo, or interdiction, on pretence of

Terreoboo's absence, was artfully contrived, to give him time to consult his chiefs in what manner we should be treated." The combination of unfortunate circumstances which afterwards occurred, and led to the death of Captain Cook, strongly confirms the unfavourable opinion the natives entertained of our countrymen; and as the real cause of his death has hitherto been considered doubtful, the circumstance I have described, in some measure accounts for it, at least in a more satisfactory manner than I have yet seen recorded.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD WARREN COLEY.

Cheltenham, Nov. 25, 1817.

From the Literary Gazette, December 1817.

### BAY OF NAPLES.

In one of our earlier numbers we inserted an extract from the celebrated Goethe's History of his own Life, to which he has given the rather singular title of "Fiction and Truth." We have been informed that the author at first thought of comprising the whole in about four volumes. However, the three first volumes that were published not having advanced the history so far as was expected, and many readers, as it should seem, being impatient to arrive at a more interesting period of the life of the author, he was induced to pass over an interval of several years, (to be filled up at a future time,) and to begin a second division of his work; comprising his travels in Italy. The first volume of this second part was published some months ago; of the second volume, which is under the press, we have obtained several extracts, some of which we shall translate for the entertainment of our readers, without, however, restricting ourselves to the exact chronological order of the dates; which is the less necessary, as this tour was performed above forty years ago. We merely observe, that the author travelled through Italy in its whole length to Naples, where he embarked for Sicily. Among our extracts are some from Naples, Palermo, and Messina. The first extract, however, which we have selected to translate, is the following.

Monday, May 14, 1787.

(At Sea: On the passage from Messina to Naples.)

"**T**HUS the afternoon passed away without our entering, as we wished, into the Gulf of Naples. On the contrary, we were constantly driven westwards, and our vessel, as it approached the island of Capri, left Cape Minerva more and more at a distance. Every body was vexed and impatient, but we two, who looked at the world with the eyes of lovers of the picturesque, had reason to be perfectly satisfied, for at sun-set we enjoyed the most glorious

prospect that the whole voyage had afforded us. Before our eyes lay Cape Minerva, and the mountains connected with it, glowing with the most splendid colouring, while the rocks stretching to the south, already began to assume a bluish hue. From the cape, the coast extending to Sorrento was illumined by the departing beams. Mount Vesuvius was visible; an immense volume of smoke towered above its summit, from which a long streak extended far to the east, and gave us reason to presume a violent irruption. At the left lay Capri, rising almost perpendicularly; the forms of its rocky cliffs were perfectly distinguishable through the bluish transparent vapour. Under a perfectly serene, cloudless sky, shone the calm scarcely agitated sea, which, at last, as the wind entirely died away, lay stretched out before us like a transparent lake. We were wrapt in ecstasy at the contemplation of the scene. R. Kniep lamented, that all the art of colouring was insufficient to represent the harmony of those tints, as the finest English pencil would not enable the most skillful hand to trace the delicacy of these lines. I, on the other hand, convinced that a far inferior representation to what this able artist was capable of giving, would be at a future time highly desirable, encouraged him to exert his hand and his eye for the last time: he suffered himself to be persuaded, and produc-

ed one of the most accurate drawings, which he afterwards coloured, and gave an example, that even the impossible may be attained by the art of design. The transition from evening to night was watched by us with equally eager eyes. Capri lay quite dark before us, and to our astonishment the cloud over Vesuvius was inflamed, as well as the cloudy streak, growing continually more and more fiery; and we saw at last a considerable extent of the atmosphere in the back-ground of our picture enlightened, and even irradiated by flashes of lightning.

“Amidst the enjoyment of these welcome scenes, we had not observed that we were threatened with a great misfortune; but the confusion among the passengers did not long leave us in uncertainty. They, better acquainted with sea affairs than we were, bitterly reproached the master of the vessel and his pilot, that by their want of skill, not only the Strait was missed, but the people, goods, and every thing entrusted to them, were in danger of perishing. We enquired the reason of this alarm, as we could not conceive, that in a perfect calm, any misfortune was to be feared. But it was this very calm which rendered the people inconsolable: we are, said they, already in the current, which goes round the island, and by a singular motion of the waves, draws a vessel slowly, but irresistibly, to the steep rocks, where neither projection nor indenture of a foot breadth is given for escape.

“Our attention being excited by this language, we considered our fate with horror: for though the night did not allow us to see the increasing danger, we remarked that the vessel, wavering and unsteady, approached the rocks, which stood darker and darker before us, while the broad expanse of the sea still faintly glimmered in the last rays of the evening twilight; not the slightest motion was perceptible in the air; every body held up handkerchiefs and light ribbons, but not the slightest sign appeared of the desired breeze. The people grew more loud and wild: the women did not pray kneeling on the deck with their children, but because the space was too confined to move, lay crowded together. They,

more than the men, who coolly thought on means of safety, scolded and abused the captain. Now he was upbraided with every thing that had been passed over in silence during the voyage; for much money, bad accommodation, inferior nourishment; his behaviour, which though not rude, was reserved. He had given nobody an account of his actions; nay, even this last evening, had observed an obstinate silence respecting his manœuvres. He and his pilot were said to be a couple of adventurers without knowledge of navigation, who, out of mere lust of gain, had contrived to become possessed of a vessel, and now by their incapacity and awkwardness carried into destruction those who had confided themselves to their care. The captain was silent, and seemed to meditate on the means of our deliverance: as for myself, to whom, from my youth, nothing had been so vexatious as anarchy, I could not possibly remain silent any longer. I stepped up to them. I represented to them, that just at this moment, in particular, their noise and clamour hindered and confounded those, from whom alone we could expect our deliverance, so that they could neither speak nor understand each other. ‘As for you,’ said I, ‘look into yourselves, and then address your fervent prayers to the mother of God, on whom alone it depends whether she will mediate with her son, that he may do for you what he formerly did for his apostles, when the waves of the stormy sea of Tiberias dashed over the ship, while the Lord slept; who, however, when the disconsolate and helpless disciples waked him, immediately commanded the winds to be hushed, so as he now can command the breeze to blow, if such be his divine will.’

“These words produced the best effect. One of the women, with whom I had been conversing before on moral and religious subjects, exclaimed, *Ah il Barlame! benedetto il Barlame!* And they really began, as they were already on their knees, eagerly to pray, with more than usual fervour. They could do this with the more composure, as the sailors attempted a means to save us, which at least addressed itself to the eye-sight; they hoisted out the boat, which, indeed,

could hold only six or eight men; fastened it by a long rope to the ship, which the boat's crew endeavoured to tow out of danger. Indeed, we thought for a moment that they moved it in the current, and hoped to see it soon safely out of it. But whether these very efforts increased the counter-power of the current, or whatever might be the cause, the boat, with its crew at the end of the long rope, was dashed backwards in a curve towards the ship, something like the lash of a carman's whip. This hope was also given up! Prayers and lamentations succeeded each other; and our situation became still more appalling, as the goat-herds on the summit of the rocks, whose fires we had long seen, called out in a deep hollow voice, 'The ship is stranding.' They also called to each other a good deal, which we did not comprehend, but some persons acquainted with the language, fancied they could understand, that they rejoiced at the prospect of the booty which they hoped to pick up the following morning. Even the consolatory doubt, whether the ship really approached the rocks in so alarming a manner, was too soon dispelled, for the crew provided themselves with long poles, in order with them, to keep the ship from the rocks, if it should come to the worst, till at last these should break and all be lost. The ship rolled more and more, the surf seemed to increase, and all this bringing back my sea-sickness, made me resolve to go down into the cabin. I lay down half stupefied on my mattress, but yet with a certain agreeable sensation, which seemed to be derived from the sea of Tiberias, for the print in Merian's Bible was quite clear before my eyes. And thus the power of all moral impressions made on the senses always proves itself the strongest when man is entirely thrown back upon himself. How long I had lain in this half sleep I am unable to say, but I was roused by a very great noise over my head; I plainly perceived that it came from the great ropes being dragged over the deck, this gave me hopes that they were rising the sails. In a few moments Kniep ran down to me, and told me we were saved; a breath of air had arisen, they had immediately hastened to hoist the sails; he himself lent a

hand: we were visibly leaving the rock, and though not quite out of the current, it was hoped we should soon overcome it. All above was still; several of the passengers then came down, announced the happy result, and laid themselves down to rest.

"As I awoke early in the morning of the fourth day of our voyage, I found myself quite revived and well, as I had been at the same period of my voyage; so that in longer voyages I should probably have paid my tribute with three days' sickness.

"Standing on deck, I saw with pleasure the island of Capri at a pretty considerable distance, and our ship in such a direction that we might hope to sail into the gulf, which we accordingly did soon after. We had now the pleasure after a perilous passage, to admire again, but in an opposite light, the objects which had so delighted us the preceding evening. Soon we left the dangerous rocky island behind us. If we had admired yesterday this the right side of the Bay at a distance, we had now the castles and the city exactly before us; on the left Pauselippo, and the promontories which stretch towards Procida and Ischia. Every body was on deck; in the front, a Greek priest, highly prejudiced in favour of his own native East, who, when our people, who hailed with transport their lovely country, asked him what he thought of Naples, compared with Constantinople, replied in a very pathetic tone of voice, *anche questa è una città!*—This too is a city!—We arrived at the right time at the port, surrounded with the hum of busy multitudes. It was the liveliest moment of the day. Scarcely were our trunks and other effects taken out of the vessel, and landed on the beach, when two porters immediately seized on them, and hardly had we said that we should lodge at Moriconi's, when they ran off with their burden as with a prize, so that we could not follow them with our eyes through the crowded street and tumultuous market.—Kniep had the port folio under his arm, and we should at least have saved the drawing, had these porters, less honest than the Neapolitan poor devils, robbed us of that which the waves had spared."

From the Monthly Magazine, December 1817.

## FURTHER FACTS ON THE EFFECTS OF THE WIND OF CANNON-BALLS.

SIR,

**I**N your Magazine some inquiries and observations are made respecting the wind, or impetus, of a cannon-ball; on which subject the following facts may not be without interest. The account of the two first the writer received immediately from the object affected by them, the late Sir James Wright, governor of Georgia.

In the siege of Savanna, by Count d'Estaing, in the year 1774, Sir James Wright was walking along what is called the *Bluff*, a high sandy bank of the river, during a heavy cannonade, when he was struck down insensible by a double-headed shot which passed near him. He soon recovered his senses, nor was the smallest hurt, bruise, or impression of any kind to be seen on any part of his body. On his becoming sensible, the first object that struck him was a woman standing over the body of her daughter, which the same shot had divided quite in two, about fifty yards before it passed Sir James. The mother and daughter had been standing in the door on the opposite side of their house from the French lines, the mother leaning on the daughter's shoulder, when the daughter dropped from under her arm, divided in two by the fatal shot. This was on the side of the town most remote from the French lines; the shot must have passed thro' many objects, and was probably nearly exhausted when it passed Sir James.

The narration of the above by Sir James Wright, introduced also the mention of another accident of the same nature, which had not long before happened to him. In going to resume his government, when the British had recovered a temporary possession of the province of Georgia, he, with his family, was carried out by Sir James Wallace, afterwards his son-in-law, in the *Experiment* frigate, with, I believe, some other vessels of war under his command. Those who remember the particular transactions of the American war, will recollect, that on this occasion Sir James, in the *Chops* of the Channel, fell in with some French frigates. During the engagement, Sir James Wright, an old man, about seven-

ty years, was advised to keep below to encourage and keep up the spirits of his daughters; but with this Sir James could not comply, but would assist the captain on deck. While there, a ball passed so near him, that, though it did not touch him, he felt it very sensibly, and said, "That ball must have come very near, for I felt it on my face." A little after, the captain's eye happened to be cast on Sir James; when he saw the blood running down his face and clothes, he said, "Sir James you are hurt, you bleed profusely." Sir James then went below, and it was found that his cheek was considerably scarified, but no further serious hurt appeared, nor any bad effects after the bleeding ceased.

The following instance was of more fatal event; it happened on-board Lord Duncan's ship, at the battle of Camperdown; and the present writer had it soon after that event from the Rev. Dr. Duncan, chaplain of that ship.

In the battle of Camperdown, a young man of the name of Balbirnie was appointed, in the sea phrase, to *cun* the ship into action; he was a kinsman of the writer's, as also of Dr. Duncan's, from whom he had the narration. The doctor, literally 'a tall fellow,' above six feet high, with spirit proportional, wished much to stand by his friend, the admiral, during the action, to assist in giving orders; but was earnestly requested to go below and assist the surgeons, who soon had their hands full. On leaving the deck, the doctor congratulated his kinsman on having the honor to *cun* the ship into action, with which honor Balbirnie himself seemed not a little pleased. The battle had not been long begun when Balbirnie was brought down among the wounded, but announced not to be hurt, but merely stunned. The doctor, as soon as he could leave the case in hand, went to his kinsman, who still lay insensible. He took hold of the breast of his clothes, and, shaking him, said, "Ho! Balbirnie, man, what's the matter with you?" But, alas! poor Balbirnie was gone for ever!

On examining the body, there was not the least wound, bruise, nor scar, to be found upon it. I think those who were near him on the deck reported, that a large ball passed at some distance from his breast, and it is probable with such an impetus as entirely to paralise the elasticity of the heart. I think, the probability is, that, in all cases of the kind, the effect is produced by shock or impetus; either from the violent revulsion, or recoil, of the displaced air: and that in parts where the vital organs are strong, resistive, or guarded, there is only a mo-

mentary shock or stun, as in the first instance mentioned above. But, where the organs approached are soft, elastic, or yielding, there, according to the violence of the shock, they may be partially, or entirely paralised, or even dilacerated. In the present instance, it might have been interesting to have examined the heart and vitals, to have seen whether there was any disruption, or compression of the organs of life. But, in the midst of such a scene, it is no wonder this thought did not occur.

J. BROWN.

*Barnwell, Northamptonshire.*

## GOLOWNIN'S NARRATIVE OF HIS CAPTIVITY IN JAPAN.

From the Literary Gazette, Jan. 1818.

**T**HE copious account of this publication, which we gave in our last Number, has, we trust, excited sufficient interest to render a further acquaintance with its contents acceptable.

"The Japanese make use of two kinds of characters in writing: 1st, a character which is the same as the Chinese, and by which every word is of course\* expressed by a distinct mark. The Japanese state, that they borrowed their hieroglyphics several thousand years ago from the Chinese, so that the name of any object, though pronounced quite different in the Japanese and Chinese languages, is expressed by one and the same sign in both. This character is made use of for works of the higher order, for official papers, and for the correspondence of persons of superior rank. 2d, The Japanese alphabet, consisting of forty-eight letters, which is made use of by the common people. Every Japanese, however low his rank, knows how to write in this last character. They were, therefore, exceedingly astonished to find, that of four Russian sailors not one should be able to write!" [Is not this at once a lesson and a reproach to more civilized Europe?]

"The Japanese write with hair-pencils instead of pens. They are exceedingly fond of reading; even the common soldiers, when on duty, are continually engaged with books. The passion for literature, however, proved somewhat inconvenient to us, as they always read aloud, in a tone of voice resembling sing-

ing; much in the same style in which the psalms are read at funerals in Russia. Before we were accustomed to this, we were unable to enjoy a moment's rest during the night. The history of their native country, the contests which have arisen among themselves, and the wars in which they have been engaged with neighbouring nations, form the subjects of their favourite books, which are all printed in Japan. They do not use metal types, but print with plates, cut out of pieces of hard wood.

"In the capital of the Japanese Empire (Yeddo) there is an Institution resembling our Universities or Academies.

One of these academicians visited the prisoners toward the close of their captivity, and endeavoured to extract all the information he could from them. Indeed, however disguised, and under whatever pretence attempted, it is evident, that to obtain intelligence of every kind was the main object of all the interrogatories, conversations, and correspondence in which they bore a part. The academician evinced considerable knowledge of arithmetic. In other sciences, from the want of interpreters, it was not easy to ascertain what progress had been made. He once asked,— "Whether the Russians, like the Dutch, reckoned according to the new style. When I (Captain Golownin) replied, that the Russians reckoned by the old style, he requested me to explain to him the distinction between the old and new styles, and what occasioned the difference

\* This is not "of course."—ED.

between them, which I accordingly did. He then observed, that the new mode of reckoning was by no means exact, because, after a certain number of centuries, a difference of 24 hours would again arise. I readily perceived that he questioned me merely to discover how far I was informed on a subject with which he was perfectly familiar. The Japanese consider the Copernican the true system of the universe. The orbit and satellites of Uranus are known to them; but they know nothing of the planets which have been more recently discovered."

The academician also shewed his acquaintance with the use of logarithms, and the nature of sines and tangents; he demonstrated the problem that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the squares of the other two sides, thus,—“Having drawn a figure with a pair of compasses on paper, he cut out the three squares, folded the squares of the two short sides into a number of triangles, and also cut out these triangles; then laying the large square, he made them exactly cover and fit it.

“The academician assured us, that the Japanese calculated with great precision the eclipses of the sun and moon. This is not improbable, for they have a translation of De Lalande's Astronomy, and a European astronomer resides in the capital."

The natives displayed insatiable curiosity about the books belonging to the voyagers, and there was no end to their inquiries respecting their contents. The *Physics of Libes*, with the imperfect mode the parties had of communicating their ideas, was a sore subject for both. The mechanical powers represented in the plates, the Japanese said, were long since well known to them; but one of the prints explanatory of the refraction of rays, was a puzzle beyond solution. They—“asked what it meant, and whether it did not relate to the distance between the sun and the earth? I thought it would be difficult to make Alexei comprehend this figure, and asked him whether he had not observed that when the end of an oar was in the water, it had the appearance of being broken. ‘O yes,’ he said, ‘I have observed that, tho’ I do not know how it happens.’ When we tried to explain to him the refraction of

rays, he asked us what a ray was? No sooner had we made him understand the meaning of the word, than he burst into a loud fit of laughter. ‘Oh, that’s impossible!’ said he; ‘what man can break a ray?’ We were likewise unable to repress our laughter, and the Japanese joined us without knowing why."

Some whimsical stories connected with these efforts at conversation, and the interchange of intelligence, may also be quoted in this place.

“Among the Russian words which the Japanese had set down in the lexicon made at Matsmai, was *dostoiny* (*worthy*), which we had translated to them by *meritorious*, *respectable*, &c. We never entered into critical illustrations of words, knowing that it would be no easy task to make our pupils comprehend them. When the Japanese came to the word *digne*, which in the French Russian dictionary was unluckily exemplified by the phrase, “*worthy of the gallows*,” they immediately concluded that the *gallows* must be some high office, or distinguished reward. Notwithstanding all the pains we took to elucidate the meaning of the word *gallows*, the Japanese could not easily extricate themselves from the confusion of ideas in which they were involved by the different definitions—‘*A worthy, meritorious man, worthy of the gallows*,’ was an association which they had formed in their minds, and which they repeated with amazement. We employed all our knowledge of the Japanese language, and summoned all our pantomimic powers to facilitate our explanations to the interpreters; and we were obliged to quote a number of examples, in which the word *worthy* corresponded in signification with the several translations given of it, and was made to apply to very different objects.

One of Captain Golownin's examinations furnish another amusing instance of this kind. He was asked his name and family name.

“The question (says he) gave us not a little trouble. Alexei, who expressed himself very imperfectly in Russian, asked *what tail has your name?* (In the Kurile language there is only *one word* for *tail* and *ending*.) We could not comprehend what he meant, until at

last, by a happy thought, he explained himself by an example:—"I am called *Alexei*," said he, "but my name has the tail *Maksimytsch*, what *ytch* have you got?" We had great difficulty with other questions, and often, after an hour's explanation with him, we remained just as wise as we were at first."

With regard to the Japanese division of time, it is extraordinary: we find it stated: "At this time (1812) the Japanese new year commenced on the 1st of February. As they reckon by lunar years, but supply the difference between the lunar and solar reckoning by adding a thirteenth month to each year of the proper number, for that intercalation, their new year's day corresponds every nineteenth year with the solar new year."

"The Japanese occupy an entire month in celebrating the new year; though the period of the festival, strictly speaking, is only from the new to the full moon, or a fortnight. During this period the courts are closed; all labour and business suspended, and nothing except visiting and feasting is thought of; but in the remaining half of the month the more industrious resume their occupations. The new year is the principal festival in the calendar of the Japanese. They, therefore, make extraordinary preparations at its approach, and procure new clothes for it, as we do at Easter. Custom requires that each person should visit all his acquaintances in the place in which he resides, and send letters of congratulation to those who are at a distance."

"The Japanese divided the day into twelve hours, reckoning six from sun-rise to sun-set; consequently the hours are not always equal, when the day is longer than the night, the day hours are the longest, and when the night is longer than the day, the night hours are longest."

To measure time, they employ a small beam of wood, the upper part of which is covered with glue and whitewashed; a narrow groove is made in the glue, and filled with a vegetable powder, which burns very slowly; on each side of this groove, at certain distances, there are holes bored for the purpose of nails being put into them. By these holes the length of the day and night hours is determined for the space of six months, from the spring to the winter equinox. During the other six months the rule is inverted, the day becoming night hours, and the night day hours. The Japanese ascertain the length of a day hour, and mark it off with nails; they then fill the groove with powder, set light to it at noon, and thus measure their time. The beam is kept in a box, which is laid in a dry place; but the changes of the weather have, notwithstanding, a great influence on this kind of time-keeper.

"The Japanese day begins at midnight, at which time the clock strikes *nine*, after having given three strokes, as it were to denote the being about to strike. These three strokes precede every hour. One hour after midnight the clock strikes *eight*, the next hour *seven*, at sunrise *six*, then *five* and *four*, and at noon again *nine*. One hour after mid-day *eight*, two hours after mid-day *seven*, at sunset, *six*, then *five*, and finally *four*. At midnight the new day commences. The hours are struck in the following manner: first, one stroke; in a minute and a half, a second stroke; and immediately a third. These three warning strokes announce that the hour is about to be struck. In the space of a minute and a half after, the striking of the hour begins. The strokes succeed each other at the intervals of fifteen seconds, except the two last, which follow more rapidly, as if to notify that the hour is struck."

## CORNUCOPIA.

From the Monthly Magazine, December, 1817.

### A RELIGIOUS MARTYR.

SO late as the 27th of Nov. 1816 a niece of the late Rajah of Tipperah burnt herself on the funeral pile of her husband.

About four o'clock in the evening the procession made its appearance to the

sound of *martial music*; upon a cot appeared the corpse at full length, elegantly dressed in the finest muslin, having his face painted after the manner of the Rajpoots, and a star, made of numerous coloured threads, and small thin pieces of bamboo, about the size of a thick darning needle, attached to his ear. Upon

the same cot, in a reclining posture, was his wife, superbly dressed in muslin and fine cloths; her hair was loose and encircled with various wreaths of yellow flowers, and she had rings of pure gold in her ear and nose, and upon her wrists and ankles rings of pure silver. Numerous attempts were made by her relations to dissuade her from the rash step she was about to take, but to no purpose. At length, the night fast approaching, various coolies were employed to dig a hole in the ground, during the making of which she made inquiries as to its exactness. She observed there was not a sufficiency of wood to keep up a *large fire* till daylight, and then directed her *Brahmin confessor* to get seven Suparee trees, which being brought, she descended from the cot, placed a number of cowries in a cloth, which she distributed to her own caste, repeating a small sentence from the *Vedas*, and receiving for answer the Ram, Hori, Ram, Khrishno, Hori. She then bathed, and walked round the funeral pile, which was about six feet long and four broad, three times. She was again bathed; and distributed her wearing apparel, but retained her ornaments. She again walked four times, in all seven, round the pile, and was again bathed. She then advanced to the pile and spoke to her female relations, recommending them to follow her example, desired a *Brahmin* to give her a *black Pigeon*, and resolutely stepped upon the pile. The corpse of her deceased husband was then brought and placed close to her, which she clasped in her arms and kissed; then desired her friends to make no delay. Fire was now communicated to the pile amid loud shouts from the spectators, and the clangour of music, and, although the flame was very bright, yet for a time it was completely hidden from the sight by showers of short bamboos which were thrown into it by the by-standers, both Hindoos and Musselmen. She was a most beautiful woman and very fair.

From the Literary Panorama, February 1818.

#### ORIGIN OF THE WORD LADY.

Grave dissertations upon words are not better than pompous inanity; we shall, therefore be brief. The term *Lady*, (which Johnson derives from the Saxon) was sometimes bestowed on wo-

men of fortune, even before their husbands had received any title that could confer that distinction upon them. The cause we apprehend to have been this: "It was formerly the custom, and a custom more "honourable in the observance than the breach," for those whom fortune had blessed with affluence to live constantly at their manor-houses in the country, where once a week, or oftener, the lady of the manor used to distribute with her own hands a certain quantity of bread. She was hence denominated, by those who shared her bounty, *loff-day*, which in Saxon, signifies *the bread giver*. A gradual corruption in the mode of pronouncing this word has produced the modern *Lady*; and, perhaps, from this hospitable custom arose the practice universally existing, that ladies serve the meat at their own tables.

#### LEARNED WOMEN.

One of Daniel De Foe's projects was an academy for the education of women. Of the effects of education on females, and the evils resulting from the want of it, he expresses his opinion in the following terms:—

"A well-bred woman and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly. She is all softness and sweetness; peace, love, wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but rejoice in her and be thankful. On the other hand, suppose her to be the same woman, and deprived of the benefit of education, and it follows thus:—If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy; her wit, for want of teaching, renders her impertinent and talkative; her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical. If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse; and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud. If she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold, which is much as one with a lunatic. If she be proud, want of discretion (which

is still ill-breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous, and from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy and nasty."

#### A HIGH HOUSE.

A French ambassador, who was a very tall man, received an appointment to the court of James I. After his introduction, the King asked Lord Bacon what he thought of him—"he appears," said the philosopher, "like a very high house, the upper story of which is generally worst finished."

#### POOR JACK.

It was at Portsmouth-point that the poor child of a dissolute and profligate sailor importuned his unhappy father for some bread, when the abandoned wretch, in a fit of intoxication, it is supposed, spurned him from him with his foot, and he fell into the sea, where he disappeared, and was thought to be drowned. The hand of Providence was, however, his protection. By clinging to a raft he floated till he was picked up by a vessel then under weigh. The child could only tell them his name was *Jack*, but the humanity of the crew led them to take care of him. Poor Jack, as he grew up, was promoted to wait on the officers, received instruction easily, was quick and steady, and served in some actions. In the last year he was appointed to the care of the wounded seamen. Jack had previously also formed an acquaintance with some religious sailors, and became truly pious. His notice was therefore naturally attracted to a wounded sailor with a Bible under his pillow, and who, approaching his end, presented it to the lad, telling him it was the instrument of his conversion. One thing, however, weighed heavily on his conscience—he had been guilty of the murder of his child. He then related the circumstance above referred to, and Jack recognized in the dying sailor his own father. It is needless to attempt, as it is impossible to describe, the scene of mutual joy, affection, and gratitude to heaven, which now took place. After the death of his father Jack returned to land, left the nautical profession, and in the course of years became a dissenting minister.

This story, of course, drew tears of joy and sympathy from all who heard it

when first related, which was at a meeting of the Bible Society, in or near London: and the narrator closed, bowing to the Chair, in these impressive words—"I, Sir, am POOR JACK!"

#### CANINE SAGACITY.

Amongst the numerous instances of kind affection natural to this race of the brute creation, may be added the following:—A gentleman, on Monday evening, Nov. 7, 1817, was returning from Hackney to London with his dog; on their arrival at Hare-street-fields, Bethnal-green, the dog left his master to go to a pond in the field, whilst his master proceeded on his journey. The dog shortly after ran with the utmost fury after him, and was labouring under an anxiety that his master could not account for. On his paying little heed to him, he laid hold of the skirt of his coat, as if to bid him follow him, which he did; he followed the dog to the pond in Hare-field, when after running about for some time, he plunged in and swam to the opposite side, and, after staying under water for some seconds, rose with something, which was ascertained to be the bonnet of a woman.—This astonishing the master, he encouraged him to go in again, which he did, but his efforts proved useless, till being sent in a third time, nearly exhausted, after staying under water for some minutes, he rose with the body of a deceased young woman, having a firm hold of her by the hair of the back part of the head. This sight produced an emotion on the minds of the many spectators, who witnessed the circumstance, that is undescribable. After arriving with the object of his pursuit, he laid her on the bank, on which place he laid himself, apparently in a state of inanition, but was soon recovered by his master's and other assistance, and appeared highly delighted with the task he had completed. The body was conveyed to the parish workhouse, for the Coroner's inquest.

#### ANECDOTE OF A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the name of the Swiss doctor Michael Scuppach, of Lengnau, in the Emmenthal, who was highly celebrated, and much in vogue in the last century. He is mentioned by Archdeacon Coxe, in his *Travels in Switzerland*,

who himself consulted him. There was a time when people of distinction and fortune came to him, particularly from France and Germany, and even from more distant countries; and innumerable are the cures which he performed upon patients given up by the regular physicians. There were once assembled in Michael Schuppach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world; partly to consult him, and partly out of curiosity; and among them many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquis attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous Doctor; but the latter, though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently, that the marquis had not the laugh on his side. During this conversation, there entered an old peasant, meanly dressed, with a snow white beard, a neighbour of Schuppach. Schuppach directly turned away from his great company, to his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose for his butt the old man, who was waiting while his

neighbour Michael was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly jokes on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'ors, that none of the ladies would kiss the old dirty looking fellow. The Russian princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louis d'ors on it, and had it carried to the marquis, who of course could not decline adding twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant with the long beard, and said, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country." Saying this, she embraced him, and gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, with these words, "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honour our old age."

ANECDOTE.—A German manufacturer of translations, says, in his translation of the article Charles I. (from the French Dictionnaire Biographique) "The anniversary of the death of Charles the First is still observed in England by a young general!" (In the French it stands, *Par un jeûne général*; by a general fast.) This is a pretty fair counterpart to the blunder of a certain "Doer into English" of a French work on Chemistry, who translated "*La précipitation per se*," *The Persian precipitate*!

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From the Literary Gazette.

## FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

From *L'Ermite en Provence*.

I MADE the journey from Agen to Montauban (says M. Jouy,) in company with a handsome young lady, whom I will call Madame D'Ettivale, in order to come near to her name, without naming her: she is a French woman in the whole force, in the whole extent, in the whole grace of the term: the words *charme* and *entrainement* would have been invented for her. I do not think that there exists a heart which beats higher at the ideas of glory, of misfortune, of country; and I venture to affirm, that if there are in France a hundred thousand men like that woman, we may be without uneasiness respecting the future. I

do not know what this lady thinks of love, nor how she speaks of it, (it is a question upon which people do not understand each other at the two extremities of life); but I do not hesitate to adduce her as a living refutation of the reproach which Montaigne, La Rochefaucault, and Beaumarchais, have cast upon women, that they do not know real friendship between themselves. Madame D'Ettivale has a female friend of her own age, several of whose letters she has shown me. If they should be one day published, I would not answer for their dispossessing Madame de Sevigné of the epistolary sceptre, which she holds by prescriptive admira-

tion; but I am certain that people will find in them sentiments which are just and natural, even in their exaltation; and the expression of an ardent soul, which discharges itself into the bosom of a friend without thinking of the opinions of the great world, for which such letters are not written. The history of these two ladies, which is connected with the principal events of the revolution, would furnish an excellent chapter of manners; but independently of the secrecy which we owe to confidential communications, this narrative would throw me back into the whirlpool of the capital, which I have quitted for a time. I will confine myself to relating the travelling adventure which gave birth to a friendship of which few instances would be found among the men of any age or country.

Madame Elenore de Monbrey (this is the name of Madame D'Ettivale's friend) had a mere general acquaintance with her when they made a journey together, some years ago, to Bagneres, where they were going to take the waters. Madame D'Ettivale had with her, her daughter, eight years old, whose beauty begins to be talked of in the world. A singular conformity of taste, of opinions, (which at that time were only sentiments) and which the intimacy of a few days developed, had already laid the foundation for an union between these two young ladies, which was soon to be cemented by a horrible event.

A few leagues on the way from Bagneres to Luchon, on seeing a steep road, which made it necessary to put a drag on the wheels of their carriage, Madame de Monbrey proposed to her companion to descend the mountain on foot. The latter fearing the fatigue more than the danger of the road, entrusted her daughter to the care of a maid servant, and remained alone in the carriage. The road passed, for about a hundred toises, between two precipices, the depth of which was concealed by the hedges and brushwood which covered the edge. The little girl holding the servant by the hand, was walking in a path worn on the side of the road. Madame de Monbrey, who had taken the other side of the road, was a few steps before them: suddenly a piercing shriek is heard—she turns, and sees the servant stretched upon

the ground, writhing in convulsions of despair. She runs up—the child is still rolling down a precipice above a hundred feet deep: without hesitating an instant—without reflecting on the dreadful danger which she braves—a young, weak, and delicate woman descends, or rather rushes down, this abyss; directing herself in her descent by the cries of the unfortunate little girl, who is hanging to the branches of an old willow, suspended over the pointed rocks which line the bottom of the abyss. The heroic Eleonore, to whom nature, at this moment, gives a degree of strength which she will perhaps never feel again, disengages the child, seizes with her teeth the collar of her frock, makes her ascend before her, and holding by the briars and thorns, which tear in vain her face and hands, she succeeds, after an hour's supernatural efforts, in restoring the child to her mother, whom the postillion, who held her in his arms, had alone prevented from throwing herself down the precipice. I shall say nothing of the painful and transporting scene which followed the unhopd-for re-union. I was not witness to it; and there are, besides, situations in life, which it is sufficient to indicate in order to describe them.

#### MADAME DESHOULIERES,

*The French Poetess.*

**T**HIS lady was much admired as a poetess by her countrymen, yet except her pastorals, the subjects chosen by her are little interesting; and rather evince strength of mind than harmony of verse, or delicacy of feeling. Indeed they are what might have been expected from a character endued with the self-possession displayed in the following adventure, in which she conducted herself with an intrepidity and coolness which would have done honour to a hero.

Madame Deshoulieres was invited by the Count and Countess de Larneville to pass some time at their chateau, several leagues from Paris. On her arrival she was freely offered the choice of all the bed-chambers in the mansion, except one, which, from the strange noises that had been for some time nocturnally heard within it, was generally believed to be haunted, and as such had been deserted.

Madame Deshoulières was no sooner informed of this circumstance by her friends, than to their great surprise and terror she immediately declared her resolution of occupying this dreaded room in preference to any other. The Count looked aghast as she disclosed this determination, and in a tremulous voice entreated her to give up so rash an intention, since, however brave curiosity might at present make her, it was more than probable that in her present situation she would pay for its gratification with her life. The Countess observing that all that her husband said failed of intimidating the high spirited Madame Deshoulières, now added her persuasions to divert her friend from an enterprise from which the bravest man might shrink appalled. "What have we not to fear then," she added, "for a woman on the eve of becoming a mother? Let me conjure you if not for your own sake, for that of your unborn infant, give up your daring plan." All these arguments repeated over and over again were insufficient to shake the determined purpose of the adventurer. Her courage rose superior to these representations of the dangers to which she was going to expose herself, because she was convinced that they owed their colouring to superstition acting upon weak minds—she entertained no faith in the "fleshy arm" of a departed spirit, and from an immaterial one her life was safe. Her noble host and hostess pleaded, pitied, blamed, but at length yielded to her wish of taking possession of the haunted chamber. Madame Deshoulières found it grand and spacious—the windows dark from the thickness of the walls—the chimney antique and of cavernous depth. As soon as Madame was undressed, she stepped into bed, ordered a large candle to be placed in a bracket which stood on a stand near it, and enjoining her *femme de chambre* to shut the door securely, dismissed her. Having provided herself with a book according to custom, she calmly read her usual time, then sunk to repose—from this she was soon roused by a noise at her door—it opened and the sound of footsteps succeeded. Madame Deshoulières immediately decided that this must be the supposed ghost, and therefore addressed it with an assurance that, if it hoped to frighten her from her purpose of detecting the impostor which had created such foolish alarm throughout the castle, it would find itself disappointed in the attempt, for she was resolutely bent on penetrating and exposing it at all hazards. This threat she reiterated to no purpose, for no answer was returned. At length the intruder came in contact with a large screen, which it overturned so near the bed, that getting entangled in the curtains, which played loosely on their rings, they returned a sound so sharp, that any one under the influence of fear would have taken for the shrill scream of an unquiet spirit, but Madame was perfectly undismayed, as she afterwards declared. On the contrary, she continued to interrogate the nocturnal visitor whom she suspected to be one of the domestics, but, it still maintained an unbroken silence, though nothing could be less quiet in its movements, for it now ran against the stand on which stood the heavy candle and candlestick, which fell with a thundering noise. In fine, tired of all these exertions, it came and rested itself against the foot of the bed. Madame Deshoulières was now more decidedly called upon to evince all that firmness of mind and intrepidity of spirit of which she had boasted—and well did she justify the confidence she had placed in her own courage, for still retaining her self-possession she exclaimed, "Ah, now I shall ascertain what thou art," at the same time she extended both her hands towards the place against which she felt that the intruder was resting. They came in contact with two soft velvety ears, which she firmly grasped, determined to retain them till day should lend its light to discover to whom or to what they belonged. Madame found her patience put to some trial, but not her strength, for nothing could be more unresisting and quiet than the owner of the imprisoned ears. Day at length released her from the awkward, painful position in which she had remained for so many hours, and discovered her prisoner to be Gros-Blanc, a large dog belonging to the chateau, and as worthy, if faith and honesty deserve the title, as any of its inhabitants. Far from resenting the bondage in which Madame Deshoulières

had so long kept him, he licked the hands which he believed had been kindly keeping his ears warm all night; while Madame Deshoulières enjoyed a hearty laugh at this ludicrous end to an adventure, for the encounter of which she had braced her every nerve.

In the meantime the Count and Countess, wholly given up to their fears, had found it impossible to close their eyes during the night. The trial to which their friend had exposed herself, grew more terrible to their imagination the more they dwelt upon it, till they at length persuaded themselves that death would be the inevitable consequence. With these forebodings they proceeded as soon as it was light to the apartment of Madame Deshoulières—scarcely had they courage to enter it, or to speak when they had done so. From this state of *petrification* they were revived by their friend undrawing her curtains, and paying them the compliments of the morning with a triumphant look. She then related all that had passed with an impressive solemnity, and having roused intense curiosity to know the catastrophe, she smilingly pointed to Gros-Blanc, as she said to the Count, "There is the nocturnal visitor whom you have so long taken for the ghost of your mother;" for such he had concluded it from having been the last person who had died in the

chateau. The Count regarded his wife—then the dog—and blushed deeply, not knowing whether it were better to laugh or be angry. But Madame, who possessed a commanding manner, which at the same time awed and convinced, ended this state of irresolution by saying, "No, no, Monsieur, you shall no longer continue in an illusion which long indulgence has endeared to you. I will complete my task and emancipate your mind from the shackles of superstition, by proving to you that all which has so long disturbed the peace of your family has arisen from natural causes. Madame arose, made her friends examine the lock of the door, the wood of which was so decayed as to render the locking it useless, against a very moderate degree of strength. This facility of entrance had been evidently the cause of Gros-Blanc, who liked not sleeping out of doors, making choice of this room. The rest is easily accounted for, Gros-Blanc smelt, and wished to possess himself of the candle, in attempting which he committed all the blunders and caused all the noises which has annoyed me this night, and he would have taken possession of my bed also if he had not given me an opportunity of seizing his ears. Thus are the most simple events magnified into omens of fearful and supernatural augury.

## THE MONT CERVIN

TO THE REPUBLIC OF THE VOSGES :

A JEU D'ESPRIT, WRITTEN IN THE ALPS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF SWISS TRAVELLERS.

From the London Literary Gazette, December 1817.

**I** HAVE heard, O Vosges, that you envy us, your relations in the south. I will state to you briefly our condition, political, social, and moral; and will leave you to judge whether you have good grounds for envy or not.

Know, then, that our state is a kingdom. Our King Blanco,\* of gigantic stature, domineers over all of us. He may be easily recognized, for he wears more powder than all his attendants. He keeps numerous mistresses;—some say that *La Charmoz* is the favourite; some, *la piquante Dru*; some, *la Montanvert*; some again, *Mademoiselle Argentièrè*, so

called from her always wearing a white turban of a silvery lustre. I suspect she is the reigning favourite, for it is certain that to be *coëffée à l'Argentièrè* is a sure passport of recommendation at his court. Like most sovereigns, he has some dwarfs in attendance; among them is a negro boy, who goes by the name of *Tête-noire*. He has also a porter constantly in waiting, emphatically styled *le Géant*. His mistresses are famous for their needle-work, which is handed about to the courtiers, and admired. When they speak of their work, it is usual for them to say, "*Ah! c'est l'aiguille de la Dru! de la Charmoz!*"

\* Le Mont Blanc.

meaning their work. Our monarch is one of our most respectable individuals; breaks out in *great swellings*<sup>†</sup> in his lower parts, which are always increasing in size. He suffers too from *goitres* about the neck. He is noted for his *gourmandise*. Never was he known to pass a day without his *goûter*. A particular butler always attends him at these repasts, who goes by the name of *Bionassey*, and for this reason:—one day, as his majesty was entering his superb rotunda, called *Le Dôme du Goûter*, he saw this butler busily employed in arranging a profusion of ices on the side-board. The king, eyeing him archly, said, "*Mais nous en avons bien assez, j'espère; c'est une mer!*"<sup>‡</sup> "*bien assez!*" repeating his words with emphasis. "*Oui, Sire, bien assez,*" replied the butler, who from that hour has been always called *Bien assez*, gradually corrupted into *Bionassey*.§ Beyond the rotunda is a superb saloon, where his majesty holds his *greater court*.\* It is here that he presents himself in all his magnificence; and no foreigner is introduced to him without being struck by his imposing appearance. There is a spacious corridor, leading to this saloon, called the *Veni*; and for this reason; you must know, O Vosges, that some years since, there was a violent contention in our state, respecting the right to the throne. Blanco's right, however, was, after long doubt, clearly ascertained; neither do I think it likely it will ever again be called in question. As soon as our political broils had ceased, and the result in favour of Blanco was confirmed, our monarch thundered through the corridor these emphatic words: "*Veni, vidi, vici!*" and from that hour, this passage, leading to the *greater court*, has been always called the *Veni*,¶ the first of the three memorable words which the king used to express his triumph. Westward of the palace, is his majesty's bakehouse, well furnished with *ovens*; || the chief baker

is one of our most respectable individuals; he is always seen lifting his head to heaven, expressive of fervent devotion; and he is only known by that best of all titles, the *Good Man*.§ One day, as he was superintending his business at the bake-house, a violent wind, no uncommon thing in our territory, arose; his white hat, which he had put carelessly on, was blown off, and hurried to a considerable distance; the spot where it fell, has ever since been called *Chapiu*,|| corrupted, I imagine, from *chapeau*. Beyond the bake-house, is an elevated walk, where the ladies of our court take the air; it commands a noble view, and goes by the name of the *Ladies' Terrace*.\* I must not omit to inform you, that his majesty has a smaller saloon, where he exhibits himself with less pomp. It is called *Chamouny*, and for this reason: you must know that several porters are here in constant attendance, to show strangers the curiosities of the palace, and, like others, are always *see'd*. It happened that a poor fellow, who was shown the palace, only had one piece of coin in his pocket, which proved to be base metal. The porter demanded another with a menacing tone. The poor fellow took to his heels and escaped, all the porters following him with their sticks, and vociferating loudly, "*Sham money! Sham money!*" and from this incident, the saloon has always been called *Sham money*, gradually altered into *Chamouny*. So true it is, O Vosges, that trifling causes give rise to great names; for note well that the origin of *Chamouny* is only a *forgery*. Our king has also a *garden*,† which he keeps much to himself. It is very difficult of access, and he often puts his courtiers out of breath, who go to pay their respects to him there. Round it are many ice-houses. "*Faire le voyage du jardin*" has almost passed into a proverb, at our court, and is applied to persons who undertake any thing difficult. The king is very childish and wanton in his sports, often throwing great stones and snow-

† Le Glacier des Bossons.

‡ La Grande Mer de Glace.

§ Le Glacier de Bionassey, attached to the Dome du Gouter.

\* Courmayeur, on the Italian side of Mont Blanc.

|| The Val Veni, leading to Courmayeur.

¶ Le Col des Fours.

§ Le Bonhomme, overlooking the Col des Fours.

|| Le chalet de Chapiu, at the foot of the Bonhomme.

\* Le Plan des Dames.

† Le Jardin, an almost inaccessible spot, so called, surrounded by glaciers.

balls for his amusement. When reproached with his wantonness in injuring the trees, he answers, frowning, "Is there, then, any crime in playing at nine-pins?" Forgive me, O Vosges, for dwelling on these trifles; but no doubt you are aware that the least things about a court become matters of importance. Near our monarch, resides the two Bernards,\* strict methodists, and we call them the *Saints*. The younger brother is a good little fellow enough, and we nick-name him *Le Petit Saint*. The elder is very kind to sick or distressed travellers. They are often seen with their powdered heads at a great bow-window,† admiring the prospect which their house commands.

An old maiden lady lives near them, who passes most of her time in weeping over the miseries of this sinful world. Her name is *La Dolente*;‡ she is intimately connected with the Bernards, but no one ever entertained the slightest suspicion of any thing wrong. The tears she sheds are incessant. She always carries a *fan*§ in her hand; and she is much looked up to.

Not far from the Bernards, resides my friend Combin. He is a fine personable fellow enough; but wastes his manhood in ogling with his mistress, Mademoiselle Chermontane.|| It is always his *chère Chermontane*, and nothing else. He is often seen *combing* his head for his Chermontane. The quantity of powder which falls from this operation, is prodigious. He has a barber, a hard-breathing fellow, whom he nick-names Boreas, and who never fails to apply fresh powder with his *puff*. They both live very retired: report says that his concubine is very pale and beautiful, but with a heart as cold as ice. Near him resides one of our worst characters; unfortunately for the reputation of our neighbourhood, his notoriety is great: we call him *Le Vilain*, or in our dialect, *Le Velan*.¶

Beyond my friend Combin, lives

\* Le Grand et le Petit Saint Bernard.

† Le Col des Fenêtres, near the Grand Saint Bernard.

‡ Le Mont Dolente, near the Col de Ferret.

§ De Glacier de L'Eventail, shaped like a fan, and attached to the Mont Dolente.

|| The Chermontane glacier, which falls from the Mont Combin.

¶ Le Mont Velan.

another profligate; he too keeps a mistress, whom he plagues much; she goes by the name of *La Tourmentée*.\* Report, however, says, that she is attached to him. After him, comes your humble servant, and his wife *Rosa*.† She is a full-blown rose indeed. I do not mean to praise myself, or my wife; but the truth is, we do all we can to counteract the depravity of the neighbourhood by our example. We live, in short, as man and wife should do, always together. Next door to us, lives Madame *Fee*.‡ As she keeps much to herself, the neighbours accuse her of witchcraft. Perhaps, after all, it is only a *Conte de Fée*. Close to her is a *morose*§ old gentleman, who lives very retired, and is hardly ever visited.—Beyond him, resides a stripling, who is so *simple* as to suffer the children to play at leap-frog over his back; we call him *Simplon*, which is short for *Simpleton*. He is universally *cut*. I should like to see the brats make me stoop my back. One snow-ball filliped at them by my little finger, should soon bring them to their senses.||

I am glad at last to be able to name that real ornament of our society, my venerable friend Gothard. He and the two Bernards are the only *saints* we have among us. He is an excellent creature; and never fails to show the greatest hospitality to strangers, who frequently go both to see him, and the noble view which his house commands.

At the opposite side of our street, is a school of mischievous brats, who are often seen to pelt people with stones and snow-balls. We call them the *little devils*.¶ We want a new system of education for these refractory imps.

Gothard, the Bernards, and myself, are much hurt when we reflect on the state of our morals. The truth is, very

\* Le Glacier *Tourmentée*, attached to the Col d'Oren.

† Le Mont Rosa.

‡ Le Mont Fee.

§ Le Montemoro.

|| Cervin, however, brags a little too hastily; for the *Col du Cervin* is occasionally passed by merchants who transport wine from Chatillon, on the Dora; as the author, in his passage up the romantic valley of St. Nicholas, witnessed. The passage of the *Col* is the highest in Europe; it rises not less than 10,284 feet above the sea.

¶ Les *Diablerets*, lesser mountains, N. E. of the Valais. Some of these imps, however, rise not less than 8000 feet above the sea.

many of us are cuckolds. There is that wench Jungfrau, who resides nearly opposite to me ; she married a fine young fellow, *eager* to win her hand. What was the consequence? She cuckolded him immediately.\* About the time of her marriage, too, it is notorious that she was brought to bed of *twins*,† the fruit of an illicit amour with a tall *bloomless*‡ fellow. It is, besides, pretty well known that she has a *lech*§ for a slippery youth, young Rodan, who, however, is French in heart, and swears he will have nothing to do with our sturdy lasses. In spite of her infamous conduct, she has the impudence to call herself *virgin*.

Close to her, lives Finsteraar, very *lax*|| in his propensities, and not less *vischiously*¶ inclined. At a party given one evening by that shameless wench Jungfrau, at which were present Messrs. Nest, Furca, Eiger, Wetter, Shreck, and Finsteraar, she tauntingly asked: "*I should like to know which of you gentlemen present do not wear horns. I have a way of proving whether you be cuckolds or no.*" Refreshments were served; iced water in abundance. She then produced several pair of horns. "*These horns,*" she said, "*have a magical power in them; if he to whose temples they are applied, be a real cuckold, there they will remain fixed; if he be not, on application, they will instantly fall off.*" So saying, she attached horns successively on Messrs. Nest, Eiger, Wetter, Shreck, and Finsteraar;—they remained immoveably fixed. There happened, however, to be one young married fellow present, on whose temples the horns would not stand. Once, twice, and thrice, did Jungfrau apply them, and as often did they *fall off*. The wench, as barefaced a wanton as ever existed, instead of paying him a decent compliment, began to scoff at him: "*Oh, oh! then I see we have a Fallhorn among us; let us all learn to keep our beds as undefiled as the pure Mr. Faulhorn.*" All the party joined in a

roar of laughter against him, and thought it an excellent joke: for my part, I thought it wretched, and could only turn away from the wench in disgust. However, from that hour, this stripling has been always known under the name of *Fallhorn*.\* I took care that she should not make the experiment on me.

I am known in our state by two names. My friends style me *Cervin*; my enemies, who want to make me a cuckold, call me *Matterhorn*. This is a sarcasm, rather *pointed*, you will say. But they cannot deny that I possess *acuter parts*† than all the rest of our fraternity. No *matter*, however, *horn* or no, since horns are so much the vogue. The ill, if any, rests with my wife Rosa—my conscience is clear.

In spite of all these iniquities, we are not strangers to more rational and innocent amusements. We have an Italian resident among us, who has opened a noble panorama of our territory; his name is *Righi*;‡ he exhibits it sometimes in a *camera lucida*, sometimes in a *camera obscura*.

Our laws are in a very bad state. Our judge, a stern inexorable fellow, keeps aloof from us all, and had as lieve condemn the innocent as the guilty. The little devils call him *Pontius Pilate*.§ There is that *Rossberg*, one of our *puisé* judges; he presides at a horrid tribunal. At one session, he condemned upwards of 450 persons; and no sooner had he pronounced the verdict, than they were executed.|| Their houses, too, were razed to the ground. Himself the judge, the jury, and executioner! What think you of this, O *Vosges*? I was enjoying, one morning, a *tête-à-tête* with my friend, the elder *Bernard*. All of a sudden, we heard a shout of laughter from the little devils. On inquiring the cause of their mirth, we found that it

\* The *Faulhorn*, on the Lake of *Brientz*.

† The *Mont Cervin* is the most pointed of the Alps. This colossus, but little known, rises 13,854 feet above the sea. It is a complete pyramid, springing from a *Col de Neige*, the sides regularly defined, and very similar in shape to the Pyramids of *Sacara*, in *Egypt*. In the opinion of the author, no other alp can be put in competition with the majestic singularity of the *Cervin*. So *tutto in se stesso* does he rise!

‡ *Le Mont Righi*, which commands the finest panoramic view of the Alps.

§ *Le Mont Pilate*.

|| *L'ecroulement du Rossberg*, which happened in 1806, and destroyed four villages and 450 peasants.

\* The *Eigerhorn*.

† The *Gemini*, vulgo *Gemmi*.

‡ The *Blumli* Alp.

§ The *Aletsch* glacier, which falls from the *Jungfrau* to the *Rhone*.

|| *Lax*, a village in the *Valais*, opposite the *Finsteraar*.

¶ The *Viech* glacier, inclining from the *Finsteraar*.

was occasioned by the report of Judge Rossberg's cruel verdict. The report of a similar condemnation, from another stern judge, formerly made *Tears* I fall. But mark the difference of the morals of the rising generation. Poor Bernard and myself were so shocked, we could only lift our heads to heaven in silence.

You may easily imagine, O Vosges, that these dapraved habits of our society afflict me much. I endeavour, however, to console myself by having recourse to innocent recreations. I look after my Piedmontese and Swiss farms, which I water plenteously. When the weather is sultry, I throw on my loose grey night-gown, retire to my concert-room, and play a *solo* on my organ. I wish you could hear it. The fugues are strikingly fine; the diapasons sonorous and grand. My wife Rosa, and neighbour Combin, sometimes join me in a glee.

¶ The town of *Pleurs*, in the Grisons, which, in 1618, was destroyed by the fall of half a mountain.—1800 people were buried alive.

I have heard that you people in the north have lately invented *gas* lights for your places of public resort. Our concert-rooms are illuminated with *electrical*, which, though not so lasting as *gas*, are far more brilliant.

We suffer from a constant diuretic, and fill regularly a dozen immense basins,\* besides many smaller. We have several attendants† in waiting, whose business it is to empty them regularly out;—we keep them, nevertheless, always full.

I have now stated, O Vosges, a full account of our condition. You see you have nothing to envy. The cause of half our evils is the bad example set by our King Blanco. You are a wise people, for you form a republic; and I doubt not that you are a happier race than we. (Signed) CERVIN.

\* Lakes Maggiore, Como, Garda, Lugano, Geneva, Lucerne, Thun, &c. &c.

† Rhine, Rhone, Adda, Tessino, Limmat, and Reuss.

## BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

### CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

#### No. IV.

#### ESTIMATE OF THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

WE are disposed to think that the highest kinds of poetical genius may be divided into two classes—the *creative* and the *formative*: and that it may even be asserted that the compositions of the latter are in general the most interesting and delightful.

The *creative* endeavours to awaken particular trains of associations, by allusions never employed before; while the *formative* addresses our ordinary sympathies, and makes use only of those allusions and images which experience has fitted to them, with as much truth and certainty of effect, as the keys of the *piano-forte* are adapted to the strings. The productions of the one are justly called original; but the epithet of classical is alone appropriate to the compositions of the other. The former may be compared to the irregular melody of the æolian harp, awakened by impulses from the immediate breath of heaven;

and the latter to that delicious music which is called forth from the instruments of the orchestra by the touch and practice of tasteful skill. Mr. Campbell belongs to the *formative* class; and we think, without any exception, merits to be placed at the head of it. Gray and Collins, to whom, of all his predecessors in the English language, he approximates the nearest, have distinctive peculiarities, that perhaps entitle them to be placed in the *creative*. But there is a crystalline perspicuity of manner, a musical perfectness of versification, and a variety in the imagery of the author of *the Pleasures of Hope*, which raise him eminently above either of the other two, whether we consider them by their works collectively, or by those particular poems to which his bear the closest resemblance—the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, or the *Dirge on Thomson*.

As the poetical temperament takes its character from local circumstances, more than any other cast of mind, an ingenious metaphysician might draw from the works of Mr. Campbell, a proof of

the authenticity and originality of the poems of Ossian. For, although he was not a native of the same part of the Highlands, he was, from his earliest years, familiar with the same scenery, and with the notions and sentiments peculiar to the Celtic race. It is owing to this circumstance that he is so truly a national poet; for, strictly speaking, he is as such neither English nor Scottish; his feelings and modes of thinking being altogether tinged with the genius of the Gael. The force of this expression can only be properly understood by those who are acquainted with the qualities of the Highland character; a description of which is not only a desideratum in literature, but deserves the pen of a Tacitus.

It is in our opinion, no slight proof of the Celtic spirit of the *Pleasures of Hope*, that all its finest and most touching incidents are those which are associated with circumstances that suggest ideas of a cloudy atmosphere, a wintry landscape, and the troubled waste of the ocean, contrasted with the purity of affection, the warmth of love, and the serenity of heroism—the noble qualities of the Highland heart opposed to the inhospitalities of the Highland climate.

The peculiarities of Mr. Campbell's poetry have, to the English reader, undoubtedly all the freshness of originality; nor does it detract, in the slightest degree, from his merits, that he feels, thinks, and expresses himself, like the bards of Selma. For, if he is full of their spirit, he is also rich in the knowledge of his own time. The Celtic melancholy is but the medium in which he imbeds the most beautiful conceptions of the poetry of all ages, and by which, as it were with a curious and elegant refraction, he renders them infinitely more delightful than in their original state.

It is an interesting biographical fact, that the first printed work of this exquisite poet was an imitation, not of the barbarous style of Macpherson's Ossian, but of the poetry of the Celtic Homer; and that it was published by a subscription among his school-fellows, at the boyish munificence of *two-pence*.

But, although Mr. Campbell is so evidently a bard of the genuine bardish

race, it is somewhat remarkable that he never attempts to excite that factitious interest which is produced by descriptions of departed manners and customs, and which can only be temporary, as the taste for such researches is but a fashion. Were any proof requisite of his pure and classical taste, we would adduce this as the most decisive, as we should certainly maintain his right to be placed at the head of the *formative* class of poets, by referring to the universality of the sympathies to which he appeals. Religion, heroism, parental affection; the love of freedom, of kindred, and of country,—in one sentence;—the limitless element of love, in all its purest modifications and chastest forms, is the theme of his pathetic inspirations; and, as such, they must afford delight in every age and climate, while man continues an admiring, an emulous, and a social, being. Mr. Campbell's peculiar modes of thinking show his rationality, rather than his genius: it is indeed no more a part of that than the language in which he has written.

But, while we entertain for his talents the most unfeigned respect, we ought not, on the present occasion, to omit noticing, that, with all his taste and skill, he has made one of the most remarkable failures in literature that we are acquainted with. There can be but one opinion as to the beauty of the ideas in his "*Gertrude of Wyoming*," and yet it has excited no comparative interest. It would, perhaps, be enough to allude merely to the circumstance, were we not convinced that it affords a more decided proof of the *formative* nature of his genius, than the most minute verbal examination of his works. The failure we think is owing to the bias of the author's imagination to localise his scenes, and to the descriptions being drawn from books, and not observation. Had he chosen his subject from some Highland legend, he would probably have surpassed all expectation; but, imposing on himself the effectless task of describing scenes and manners which he has never witnessed, he placed himself somewhat in the situation of a painter, who would attempt to give a portrait of

an individual, in a view of a landscape, from description. He has, without question, expressed himself with infinite elegance, and he has chosen his images with great judgment; but the performance is a lifeless academical composition. He has drawn from busts and statues, and coloured according to the principles of a professor.

The works of Mr. Campbell are not numerous, they come to us

“Like angel’s visits, few and far between.”

But they are so exquisite, with the exception alluded to, that we can scarcely wish he had written more, so unabated is the pleasure we derive from those he has already given.

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From the Literary Gazette, December 1817.

### MR. CURRAN.\*

#### SPECIMENS OF HIS STYLE.

**I**N a preceding publication we gave a view of the general character of the great orator whom Ireland has so lately lost. We now select some of those brilliant fragments which shew of what materials his extraordinary mind was made. We had said that CURRAN brought into the House of Commons the same hostilities which had excited him at the bar: this spirit sometimes went farther, and retransferred the hostilities of public debate to his professional efforts. Among all the leading men of this day, he felt the strongest disgust for Fitzgibbon, an insolent, able abettor of the opposite side in politics. The contest with this person, which commenced in the course of professional rivalry, was carried on while Fitzgibbon was the manager of the House of Commons, and when he had subsequently attained to the seals, Curran assailed him with the same unwearied and powerful irritation on the bench. We give a specimen of one of these bold attacks, on the occasion of a question, heard by counsel, before the privy council. After some allusions to the illegal conduct of the chancellor Sir Constantine Phipps in 1713, under whose name he shadowed Fitzgibbon so strongly as to be reprovved for it from the bench; he thus returned to the charge.

“In this very chamber did the chancellor and judges sit, with all the gravity and affected attention to arguments in favour of that liberty and those rights which they had conspired to destroy. But to what end, my lords, offer argument to such men? Alas! my lords, by what argument could any man hope

to reclaim or dissuade a mean, illiberal, and unprincipled minion of authority, induced by his profligacy to undertake, and bound by his avarice to persevere. He would probably have replied to the most unanswerable arguments, by some curt, contumelious and unmeaning apophthegm, delivered with the fretful smile of irritated self-sufficiency and disconcerted arrogance; or even if he could be dragged by his fears to a consideration of the question, by what miracle could the pigmy capacity of a stunted pedant be enlarged to a reception of the subject? The endeavour to approach it, would have only removed him to a greater distance than he was before; as a little hand that strives to grasp a mighty globe is thrown back by the reaction of its own effort to comprehend. It may be given to a Hale or a Hardwicke, to discover and retract a mistake; the errors of such men are only specks that arise for a moment upon the surface of a splendid luminary; consumed by its heat, or irradiated by its light, they soon purge and disappear; but the perverseness of a mean and narrow intellect, are like the excrescences that grow upon a body naturally cold and dark: no fire to waste them, and no ray to enlighten, they assimilate and coalesce with those qualities so congenial to their nature, and acquire an incorrigible permanency in the union with kindred frost and opacity. Nor indeed, my lords, except when the interest of millions can be affected by the folly or vice of an individual, needs it be much regretted that, to things not worthy of being made better, it hath not pleased providence to afford the privilege of improvement.”

On the same occasion the mention of

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\* See *Athenaeum*, Vol. II. p. 346.

some proceedings in which ballot was proposed to be substituted for debate, produced this sudden overflow of humorous amplification.

“According to these gentlemen we are to suppose one of those unshaven demagogues, whom the learned counsel has so sportively described, rising in the Commons, when the name of the individual in question is sent down. He begins by throwing out a torrent of seditious invective against the servile profligacy and liquorish venality of the board of aldermen ; this he does by beans : having thus previously inflamed the passions of his fellows, and somewhat exhausted his own, his judgment collects the reins that floated on the neck of his imagination, and he becomes grave, compressed, sententious, and didactic. He lays down the law with sound emphasis and good discretion, to the delight and edification of the assembly ; and this he doth by beans ! With what surprise and delight must the heart of the fortunate inventor have glowed, when he discovered those wonderful instruments of wisdom and eloquence, which without being obliged to commit the precious extracts of science or persuasion to the faithless and fragile vehicle of words or phrases, can serve every process of composition or abstraction of ideas, by the resistless strength and infinite variety of beans, white or black, boiled or raw—displaying all the magic of their powers in the mysterious exertions of dumb investigation and mute discussion ; of speechless objection and tongue-tied refutation. Nor should it be forgotten, my lords, that this noble discovery does no little honour to the present age, by explaining a doubt that has for so many centuries perplexed the labours of philosophic antiquity ; and furnishes the true reason why the disciples of Pythagoras were prohibited the use of beans. It cannot, I think, my lords, be doubted that the great author of the Metempsychosis found out that those mystic powers of persuasion, which vulgar naturalists supposed to remain lodged in minerals or fossils, had really transmigrated into beans ; and he could not therefore but see that it would have been fruitless to preclude his disciples from mere oral babbling, unless he had

also debarred them from the indulgence of vegetable loquacity.”

We shall now give, as they occur to us, a few of those more condensed flashes which marked his powerful and brilliant style.

*On the withdrawing of the Commercial Regulations, 1785.*

“The cloud that had been collecting so long and threatening to break in tempest and ruin on our heads has passed harmless away. The siege that was drawn round the constitution was raised, and the enemy was gone. *Juvat ire et Dorica castra*, and they might now go abroad without fear, and trace the dangers they had escaped. Here was drawn the line of circumvallation, that cut them off for ever from the Eastern world, and there the corresponding line that cut them off for ever from the West.”

*The Irish Pension List.*

“This polyglot of wealth, this museum of curiosities, the pension list, embraces every rank in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children in its comprehensive and incomprehensible charity. But the lesson which it inculcates forms its great perfection ; it teacheth that sloth and vice may eat that bread which virtue and honesty may starve for after they had earned it. It directs the minds of men to an entire reliance on the ruling power of the state, which feeds the ravens of the royal aviary, that cry continually for food. It teaches them to imitate those saints on the pension list that are like the lilies of the field,—they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are arrayed like Solomon in his glory. In fine, it teaches the lesson of Epictetus, that it is sometimes good, not to be over virtuous,—that, in proportion as our crimes increase, the munificence of the crown increases also,—in proportion as our garments are rent, the royal mantle is extended over us.”

*A mingled Government.*

“We had a Government that brought with it some enlightening and some religion ; but it was planted in civil dissension, and watered with civil blood ; while the virtuous luxuriance of its branches aspired to heaven, its infernal roots shot downwards to their congenial regions, and were intertwined in hell.”

*British Connexion.*

"The present moment might be the crisis of political life or of political extinction. It was time to state to the country whether they were to struggle for a connexion of tyranny or of privilege :—whether the administration of England would condescend to let us forgive the insolence of her happier days, or whether, as the beams of her prosperity had wasted and consumed us, so even the frosts of her adversity shall not perform the deleterious effect of fire, and burn upon our privileges and our hopes for ever."

*Liberty.*

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil ;—and which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced :—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him ;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down ;—have been devoted upon the altar of slavery ;—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the God sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation."

*Concluding address to the Bench on Rowan's trial.*

"You are standing, my Lords, on the scanty isthmus that divides the great ocean of duration ;—on one side, the past, on the other, the future, a ground, that while I speak, is washed from beneath our feet. And future ages will assume the same authority which you have assumed ;—posterity feel the same emotions which you have felt, when your little hearts have beaten, and your infant eyes have overflowed, at reading the sad history of a Russel or a Sidney."

*The Informer.*

"Life can present no situation where in the humble powers of man are so awfully and so divinely excited, as in defence of a fellow creature placed in the circumstances of my client, thus clouded by a perjured testimony. If any labours can peculiarly attract the gracious and approving eye of heaven, it is when Providence looks down on a human being assailed by human turpitude and struggling with practices against which the Deity has placed his special canon, when he said—'Thou shalt not bear false witness—Thou shalt do no murder.' \* \* \*

"The poorest wretch that moves on British ground has the protection of a jury against these obscure perjurers, these *vampyres* who creep out of their graves in search of human blood." \* \* \*

"I have heard of assassination by sword, by pistol, and by dagger ; but here is a wretch who would dip the Evangelists in blood." \* \* \*

"Are you prepared when this villain shall come forward against ten thousand of your fellow citizens, to assist him in digging the graves, which he has destined to receive them one by one ?" \* \*

"You would not suffer this fellow to be a servant within your threshold. If you would not take his services in exchange for wages, will you take his perjury in exchange for the life of a fellow creature." \* \* \*

"But truth is too strong for him and falsehood. You found him coiling himself in the scaly circles of his cautious perjury, and making anticipated battle against any foot that ventured near him—but when the light struck down, you saw him stealing off to his old obscurity."

"I demand justice for your innocent and unfortunate fellow subject at the bar, and may you have for it a more lasting reward than the perishable crown which Rome gave to him who saved in battle the life of a citizen."

LINES WRITTEN AT RICHMOND ;

By the Right Honorable John Curran.

ON the same spot where weeping Thomson paid  
The last sad tribute to his Talbot's shade ;  
An humble muse, by fond remembrance led,  
Bewails the absent where he mourn'd the dead.

Nor differs much the subject of the strain,  
Whether of death, or absence, we complain:  
Whether we're sunder'd by the final scene,  
Or envious seas disjoining roll between.

Absence, the dire effect, is still the same,  
And death, and distance, differ but in name;  
Yet sure they're diff'rent, if the peaceful  
grave,  
From bounding thought the low-laid tenant  
save!

Alas! my friend, were Providence inclin'd,  
In unrelenting wrath to human kind,  
To take back ev'ry blessing that she gave,  
From the wide ruin she would Mem'ry save;

For Mem'ry still, with more than Egypt's art,  
Embalming ev'ry grief that wounds the heart,  
Sits at the altar she had rais'd to woe,  
And feeds the source whence tears must ever  
flow!"

## VARIETIES:

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the Monthly Magazine.

### PUNS.

SOME writers are fond of puns; wits who are not writers much more so. The scintillation produced by odd and unexpected combination of ideas in company, affords a sort of zest or cayenne-pepper for grown ladies and gentlemen, who are not contented with plain and ordinary stimulation. But there are many instances where such cayenne-pepper has been found by far too hot, and which has produced a sort of excoriation which required a long time to heal; and, at last, has left visible eschars, which have never been either forgotten or forgiven. Some persons, fond of such sauce,—mere wordy wits,—would rather give pain or offence to others than avoid a piquant remark in the shape of a pun. It may be questioned whether the disposition for punning does not originate in a paucity of original thought; at least, it is known some verbal wits whose thoughts, when committed to paper, have not been of the most brilliant description,—frequently a mixture of mud and water, perfectly inseparable. The writer knew a sanctimonious person, who affected a good deal of verbosity upon a metaphysical question; but, when requested to put his thoughts upon paper, declined, saying, that he could answer *viva voce*, but not in *writing*,—a sure proof of want of soundness in his arguments. The conversation of punsters may be borne by, nay it sometimes produces considerable pleasure to, the *auditory* nerves, but it does not always suit the *visual* organs.

Perhaps puns are then only permissible when, withdrawing from intense and arduous studies, they operate upon the mind as a sort of elegant relaxation,—the bowls and nine-pins of grown ba-

bies; and, if kept within due bounds and not made too personal, they may have their use; but be assured, young punster, whenever they tread upon the heels of causticity, they ought undoubtedly to be avoided.

Horace says—

*Dulce est desipere in loco.*

But he does not mean that we are to play the fool at the expense of others; he had too much good sense and good humour for that.

Dean Swift was supposed to be one of our greatest punsters; but perhaps he had the reputation of what did not belong to him. The following pun, certainly not Swift's, has never appeared in print, and is scarcely worth printing, but as it conveys a kind of philosophical axiom.

*Alliquid is mater unite dextra ordinari lato he at.*  
A liquid is matter united extraordinarily to heat.

From the Panorama, Jan. 1818.

### PRESENT STATE OF PARNASSUS.

Parnassus, at present, is divided into parti-coloured fields of several crops and separate hues, which, at a distance, give it the appearance of a corn country. Or it may be compared to a chess-board, where a good deal depends upon the dextrous moves of booksellers. The poets themselves have their respective attributes as distinct and settled as the nine Muses.—Walter Scott should never be painted without the Herald's Office in the back ground, at least when he sits as a Poet. Lord Byron should be represented dining in state, upon his own heart, before a numerous and delighted assembly. Mr. Moore should be drawn with a rose in one hand; and a bulbul perched on the other. Mr. Crabbe,

sweeping a dirty garret, and shaking his head philosophically over every stain in the floor, while a volume of Malthus peeps out of his pocket. Campbell, clearing Johnson's Dictionary of inelegant words, until it is reduced within the compass of twelve pages. Mr. Wilson, pulling forth laurel branches from an hospital window, and Dr. Mead looking at him in astonishment. Mr. Southey crowned with a paper cap made out of his earlier productions. Mr. Hogg, seeing Satan's Invisible World through a Scotch mist; and Mr. Wordsworth, accompanied by the Solitary, inviting them all to take an excursion with him to refresh and vary their ideas.—*Scotsman*.

#### CATHEDRAL ALMOST FINISHED.

"Church work," has passed into a proverb for a slow, endless, undertaking. If proofs of the accuracy of this were wanting, we might appeal to the instance of the Cathedral of Milan; an edifice, begun in the year 1385, and *if nothing prevents*, likely to be finished *very shortly*. This structure was planned by John Galeas Visconti. That prince gave to the intended building a quarry of proper stone, not far from the Great Lake, by which, with the addition of certain canals, the blocks were brought by water carriage. The first conception of the edifice was in the Gothic style; but the celebrated Pellegrini gave another, *in a later age*, which departed from that style—much as our famous Inigo Jones attached a Corinthian colonnade to the Old Cathedral of St. Paul's, London, a gothic structure, Pellegrini's plans were followed, unhappily enough. In spite of the persevering zeal of some, and the rich presents made by others, the work languished at intervals. Before the revolution, there remained of all these gifts but about £3,000 of revenue, and the work was almost abandoned. Bonaparte ordered its continuation. In 1813 the portico was finished; and the sides wanted little, but some additional ornaments. The works are still continued under the direction of Sig. Soavo and Amati, who possibly, may enjoy the glory of terminating this time and patience-consuming labour.

We hope it will bear in some conspicuous part of its front the inscription

BEGUN A. D. 1385, FINISHED 1818.

#### THE SEARCH.

From the Monthly Magazine.

Among the poetical publications to which the current month has introduced us, is, "*The Search and other Poems*," by Mr. EDMESTON. This is a tasteful and elegant little volume, and creditable to the talents of the writer: the principal poem inculcates a very instructive lesson in polished and harmonious verse. Some of the lyrics indicate an attachment to the bards of chivalry and romance; these, we suspect, are the writer's favorites; and, where the best of them are chosen as the well-heads of genius, we know not that we can direct to a much higher or purer source. But, though the powers of Ariosto and Spenser were indeed amazing,—though their genius was gold, pure gold,—yet their imitators, many of whom are much better known and more popular than their immortal originals, have debased and wire-drawn the sterling ore into glittering, but worthless, tinsel. These are the very worst of all models, and, we are happy to say, Mr. Edmeston has avoided them: he has filled "from a purer spring, on holier ground;" and deserves the approbation of the lovers of genuine poetry. His volume also exhibits several specimens of that tone of feeling, half gloom and half gaiety, with which, we believe, no man of genius is unacquainted. We select the following:—

#### THE WORM.

Enjoy, vain man, the feast to day,  
The present hour will soon be past,  
The laden board will pass away,  
The worm will feed on thee at last.

Quick circle round the goblet flood,  
To-day the banquet brims for thee;  
To-morrow he will pledge thy blood  
In dark sepulchral revelry.

Rich are the dainties that he knows,  
From beauty's pale lip sips the dew;  
Diets upon her velvet rose,  
And eats the heart of valour through.

He shall impress an icy kiss,  
Where warmer lovers vainly sighed;  
The secrets of that heart are his,  
Where never yet observer pryed.

And, if within the sage's brain  
Of learning past remaineth aught,  
He'll wander through and through again,  
And trace the labyrinth of thought.

Yet start not, slumberer, he will creep,  
Lighter than feather, o'er thy breast;  
Nor mar one moment of thy sleep—  
A harmless, inoffensive, guest.

Unfelt, as Time's light shadow flies,  
E'en to thyself the change unknown;  
The worm that gnaws, and never dies,  
Exists in living breasts alone.

From the Panorama, Feb. 1818.

#### POET LAUREAT.

Of this well-known office in the King's household, Sir John Hawkins in his "History of Music," observes, that there are no records which ascertain the origin of the institution in this kingdom, but many that recognize it. There was a Court Poet as early as the reign of Henry III. Chaucer, on his return from abroad, first assumed the title of Poet Laureat, and in the twelfth year of Richard the Second, obtained a grant of an annual allowance of wine. James the First in 1615, granted to his Laureat a yearly pension of 100 marks; and in 1630 this stipend was augmented by letters patent of Charles the First, to 100*l.* per annum, with an additional grant of 1 tierce of Canary wine, to be taken out of the King's store of wine yearly.

#### THE CELEBRATED BEETHOVEN.

This great composer, whose original and finished productions are so much admired and sought for by musicians, resides at present in Vienna, the city where Haydn passed the greater part of his life, and where Mozart, under the patronage of the Emperor Joseph II., composed some of his best works. Vienna, therefore, has had the honour of receiving within its walls three Musicians the greatest that ever existed; men who have refined and exalted their art in the highest degree, and who will mark out to future times a true Augustan age of music. Beethoven is about 50 years of age, and enjoys excellent health. He is unfortunately afflicted with deafness, but not to such a degree as former accounts had led us to suppose: he is able to converse readily with the assistance of an ear trumpet; and an ingenious artist is contriving an apparatus of the same nature to be fix-

ed to his piano forte, which will facilitate his musical studies by enabling him to hear more distinctly the sound of his instrument. He has never been married, is of retired habits of life, and is said to be somewhat uncouth in his manners; he is passionately devoted to his art, and is revered by all who know him as a true man of genius. His mind has a strong tincture of independence: though far from rich, he cannot be induced to compose on any other suggestion than those of his own mind. An English gentleman, a great amateur, lately at Vienna, was anxious to obtain some compositions from so great a master, and offered him, through the medium of his physician and most intimate friend, a *carte-blanche* as to price for any number of symphonies he chose to write; unfortunately, he ventured to prescribe, as a model of their construction, the first and second of the author, which are in a plainer style than the rest. Beethoven could with difficulty be brought to the proposal; but when he found the condition that was tacked to it, he said very drily to the physician, "When I am unwell I take your advice; when I compose I take my own;" and would not bestow any farther notice on the proposition. Since the Continent has been in a pacific state, he has been visited by musicians from this country and every part of Europe, led by a veneration for the man, and a desire to profit by his remarks. The boldness, the fertility of his invention, the splendour of his compositions in general, are well known; but we believe that it has not before been observed that his early pieces are scarcely less finished than his later ones: by a happiness which is quite uncommon, he seems to have appeared at once in full perfection.

From the Literary Gazette, Dec. 1817.

#### MENDICANT INGENUITY.

Two men, who were apprehended at Gainsborough on the 5th Nov. for selling crackers, being put into prison until the next morning, exhibited an instance of mendicant ingenuity on the prison wall as follows:—

Farewell, my friends, for I must go,  
Crackers have proved my overthrow;  
Take my advice and sell no more,  
But beg your bread from door to door.

## OLD MORALITIES.

The Parisian theatres now abound with pieces not much unlike the sacred mysteries with which dramatic representations commenced in the darker ages of European society. The old "moralities" are eclipsed by *The Maccabees*, *The Passage of the Red Sea*, *The Prodigal Son*, and several other pieces founded on passages of the Holy Scriptures.

## HOW TO LOOK FOR LOST PROPERTY.

A countryman had driven his horses into the woods to graze, and when he came in the evening to drive them home, a grey horse was missing. He looked a great while for him, and ran about the neighbourhood to no purpose. At length he met a man on horseback, and asked him if he had seen his grey horse.—"No," said he, "but have you looked for him?"—"To be sure," answered the countryman, "every where."—"Every where," answered the horseman; "have you looked for him in the crow's nest on that tree?"—"No," said the countryman, "how should he come up there?"—"That is all the same to you," replied the other, "only climb up; one must look for lost things where there is the least reason to expect them; if they were in the place one supposes them, they would not be lost."—The countryman, who had no answer to make to this, began climbing up the high tree; and when he had hardly got half-way up, he cried out joyfully, "I have found him, I have found him!"—"So I thought," said the man on horse-back, and rode away. Now the countryman had not indeed found the horse in the nest; but as crows build upon the highest trees he could overlook the whole wood, and then saw his horse grazing in a field beyond it.

DR. DWIGHT.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

In your Magazine for September last, you have given us an interesting memoir of that great and good man, Dr. Dwight, late president and professor of Divinity of Yale-college, in America; but in the list of his publications, I do not perceive any mention of the following tract:—

"The nature and Design of Infidel Philosophy; containing a summary view of the principles of modern infidels, and a sketch of the opinions of ancient philosophers on the subjects of religion and morals."

The above pamphlet has passed through three editions in this country, and is well deserving the attention of young persons more particularly; for, although it is cheap in price (two shillings,) it is "rich in matter," and proves to demonstration the necessity and advantages of the Christian revelation.

Oct. 30.

B. F.

Lines written on the Walls of his Cell in Newgate, by John Vartie, executed on Thursday, Dec. 11, 1817, for a forgery on the Gravesend Bank.

Thou hapless wretch, whom justice calls  
To breathe within these dreary walls:  
Know, guilty man, this very cell  
May be to thee the porch of hell;  
Thy guilt confess'd, by God forgiven,  
Mysterious change! it leads to heaven.

From La Belle Assemblée, December 1817.

## MATERNAL TENDERNESS.

The superiority to all selfish considerations which characterizes maternal tenderness, has often elevated the conduct of women in low life, and perhaps never appeared more admirably than in the wife of a soldier of the 55th regiment, serving in America during the campaign, 1777. Sitting in a tent with her husband at breakfast, a bomb entered, and fell between them and a bed where their infant lay asleep. The mother begged her spouse would go round the bomb before it exploded, and take away the baby, as his dress would allow him to pass the narrow space between the dreadful messenger of destruction and the bed. He refused, and left the tent calling to his wife to hasten away, as in less than a minute the fuse would communicate to the great mass of combustibles. The poor woman, absorbing all her care in anxiety to save her child, tucked up her petticoats to guard against touching the bomb, snatched the unconscious innocent, and was hardly out of reach, when all the murderous materials were scattered around. Major C—— of the 55th regiment hearing of this action, distin-

guished the heroine with every mark of favour. She survived many years to lament his fate at Fort Montgomery, in the following month of October.

#### FIELD OF BORODINO.

"On descending from Gorrha to the village of Borodino we lighted upon a foreigner who was sitting in a meditative posture on the banks of the Kolagha. In a place so unfrequented a casual rencontre is an introduction; we addressed ourselves to the stranger, and were received with great politeness; though startled at our sudden appearance, he seemed pleased at an opportunity of finding any person to whom he could communicate his thoughts, and entered into conversation without reserve. He informed us he was a native of Poland, who had served as an officer in Sebastiani's division at the

battle of Borodino, where he was struck by a ball during the attack upon the centre; and being left wounded on the field, was taken prisoner by the Russians, and sent to Archangel. Now at liberty, he was returning to his native country, and happening in his route to pass over this place, had stopped to survey the field of carnage. The spot on which we stood was the same where he had received his wound; and he had been sitting, he said, nearly an hour, tracing in his mind, the various images of the past. He was unable to tear himself away; the view made such an impression on him as quite bewildered his ideas; and when he looked on those fields, now so tranquil, and so different from the tumultuous scene they before exhibited, it seemed as if his former recollections were but the memory of a dream."

### MEMORABILIA.

From the Monthly Magazine, January 1817.

#### SHOWER OF RED RAIN.

**A** Remarkable phenomenon took place at Gerace in Calabria, on the 13th of March, 1813. The circumstance is related by Professor Sementini of Naples. The wind was westerly, and heavy clouds over the sea were approaching the land. About two hours after noon the wind fell, and the sky became quite dark. The clouds assumed a red and threatening appearance, thunder followed, and rain fell, which had a red colour from a mixture of red dust. The inhabitants were alarmed and flocked to the churches, conceiving that the end of the world was come. The red dust was very fine. It became black when exposed to a red heat, and effervesced when treated with acids. Its constituents were silica, carbonate of lime, alumina, iron, and chromium. What renders this rain the more remarkable is, that the constituents of this red dust are the same nearly with one of the varieties of the meteoric stones.

#### DIVING BELL.

The precise uses to which the Diving-Bell has been applied, in the construction of the new wharf in Plymouth Dock Yard, are, perhaps not generally under-

stood.—The old jetty Platform at the Master Attendant's Stairs, was built upon piles, driven into the ground, about five feet asunder, which having given way in a direction towards the harbour, it became necessary to erect a new one. The idea of an immense wharf formed of solid masonry, was then conceived and acted on. The workmen who descended in the Bell had to fasten machinery to the ends of the piles, and thus they were in succession pulled up.—In driving new piles, as a foundation for the masses of stone, a machine, not unlike the guillotine, is used, a very heavy weight being alternately hoisted up, and suffered to descend on the head of each pile, which when driven to a proper depth, is cut off by the Divers in the Bell.

#### NEW COMET.

Dr. Olbers discovered a new comet at Bremen on the 1st inst. (Dec. 1817,) in the western shoulder of the serpent between the stark, and the star 104 of Bode's catalogue. It is small but brilliant, particularly towards the centre, and requires a powerful telescope to render it visible. At fourteen minutes past 7, mean time, its ascension was  $253^{\circ} 6'$ , its declination north  $9^{\circ} 14'$ : its rotatory motion in the direction of east and west

## DISEASES OF MANUFACTURERS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IT is a melancholy reflection, that most of the comforts and luxuries of civilized life are obtained at the expence of the health of those by whom they are manufactured:—indirectly unwholesome—by confinement, constrained attitude, and want of air and exercise; or directly—by pernicious effluvia, and inhaling small particles of matter into the lungs. Persons employed in cotton and other manufactures suffer severely; are in general dwarfish, pale, and feeble; and sometimes become deaf and blind, from the incessant noise and straining of the sight. Weavers have generally flattened chests, sallow countenances, and emaciated limbs. Birmingham and Sheffield workmen exhibit bronzed faces, green hair, red eyes, and smoke-dried skins. Needle and pinmakers generally become soon consumptive; the process of pointing them is particularly injurious to health;—few persons consider this, or set a proper value on pins: a pin passes through eight or nine hands before it comes to use, and is then carelessly thrown away and wasted;—there might be probably a saving of one-third of the consumption of pins, with a little care and attention. The painter's or the lead palsy, the miller's asthma, the chimney-sweeper's cancer, are well-known diseases;—to which a long list might be added. The workmen in unwholesome employments\* soon become pallid and emaciated; and, if not early cut off by disease, seldom attain to old age.

The employments directly conducive to health are those of agriculturists, butchers, fishermen, and grooms. Butch-

\* Cutlers, braziers, platers, japanners, mirror-makers, lapidaries, glass-makers, stone-cutters, masons, plumbers, painters, printers, colour-grinders, flax-dressers, feather-dressers, hair-preparers, carpet and woollen-cloth makers, sawyers, tea-ware-housemen, smiths, iron forge-men, &c.—The superior health of the lower classes is a most erroneous idea; hard labour and inanition are as fruitful sources of disease as luxury and indolence. The rich are more subject to some diseases, the poor to others: the former to gout, nervous, stomach, and liver complaints; the latter to ague, low fever, catarrh, rheumatism, serofula, cutaneous eruptions,—and become aged in appearance twenty years sooner than their superiors.

ers, in particular, are remarkably stout, florid, and fat, even to obesity: the effluvia of fresh-killed meat seems to put the stomach into a state to receive and assimilate a great quantity of nourishment; probably also nutriment may be absorbed by the skin in handling raw meat. Persons much employed in cooking grow fat from similar causes. The effluvia of fish is also very salutary. The electric fluid imbibed during the dressing of horses is highly invigorating,—the smell of the stable was formerly erroneously supposed to be so. Dec. 1817.

## POWERS OF BLIND PERSONS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE alledged faculty of distinguishing colours by the touch, so celebrated in Miss M'Evoy, of Liverpool, reminds me of Mademoiselle Paradis, daughter to the secretary of his imperial Majesty. At three years old Mademoiselle Paradis lost her sight by the small-pox; but, through the unwearied attention of her mother, became highly accomplished in music and in needlework. She could trace a pattern on muslin by placing her finger before the needle when working; and, if in coloured silks, knew not only the hues, but the different shades of each. By a set of boards, made for the purpose, she had learnt arithmetic; and, with printing-types, communicated her thoughts on paper.

There is now a blind clergyman in Scotland, a proficient in arithmetic and in mathematical calculations. By means of a set of boards he demonstrates the most abstruse and difficult theorems. He is likewise versed in ancient and modern languages and literature, being endowed with a retentive memory, and happy in a brother who has spared no exertion to improve his talents. My inducement in offering these particulars for the Monthly Magazine, is to acquit Miss M'Evoy of the ungenerous suspicions I have heard some people express, and, to encourage the relations of blind children to undergo the labour of supplying them with intellectual occupation, to compensate for visual enjoyments. Jan. 1817.

## NATURALISTS' DIARY FOR APRIL.

From "Time's Telescope."

Now the golden morn aloft  
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing.  
 With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft,  
 She woos the tardy spring;  
 Till April starts, and calls around  
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground;  
 And lightly o'er the living scene  
 Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

**I**F there has been a medium proportion of easterly winds in the previous part of the winter, the month of April may be expected to be mild, with gentle showers; thus affording to vegetables an abundant supply of water, which is so indispensably necessary to their existence. The many thousand tribes of vegetables are not only formed from a few simple substances, but enjoy the same sun, vegetate in the same medium, and are supplied with the same nutriment. It is, indeed, wonderful that all orders of vegetables are produced from four or five natural substances, viz. caloric, light, water, air, and carbon. How admirable, then, must the formation of those organs be, which, by their peculiar actions, shall produce such various modifications of these substances, so as to form the different colours, tints, odours, tastes, &c. of the vegetable kingdom! How surprising must be the progress of vegetation! How rich the economy of nature!

It is now allowed, that there is both a vital circulation of the juices in vegetables, and a large perspiration from their pores; which latter is become a subject of great curiosity and importance, from the successful labours of those who have cultivated this part of natural philosophy. The circulation in plants is strong in the spring, and languid in the winter; in some it is so forcible and abundant, that, if their vessels are opened at an improper season, they will bleed to death, as when an artery is divided in the human body. If the finer spirit evaporates from a plant, and it has no fresh supply, it becomes instantly flaccid and fading, as an animal body dies with the departure of its breath.

The process of vegetation is forwarded in a wonderful manner by the vicissitude of day and night, and the changes of the

weather. The heat of the sun raises a moist, elastic vapour, which fills and expands certain vessels in plants, and thus gradually enlarges their bulk; while the colder air of the night condenses and digests the matter which has been raised, and so confirms the work of the day. We complain of cold blasts and clouded skies, by the intervention of which vegetation rapidly advancing is suddenly stopped and seems stationary: but this may be wisely ordained by Providence; the growth of herbs may be too hasty; they are weak in substance, if they are drawn forward too fast. A cold season prevents this too hasty growth; as in the moral world some seasonable disappointment may give a salutary check to an aspiring mind, and establish it in wisdom and patience. Even the roughest motions of the elements have their use. Winds and storms, which agitate the body of trees and herbs, loosen the earth about their roots, and make way for their fibres to multiply, and to strike more kindly into the soil, to find new nourishment. Thus is nature more effectually progressive when it seems to be stationary or even retrograde; and all things work together for good; which they could never do but under the foresight and direction of an all-wise Providence.

But above all, the showers of heaven, concurring with the sun, promote the work of vegetation. They keep the matter of the soil soluble, and consequently moveable; for salts cannot act but in a state of solution; they furnish matter for an expansive vapour, which acts internally and externally; and, what is but little understood, though equally worthy of admiration, the rain brings down with it an invigorating ethereal spirit from the clouds, which gives it an efficacy far beyond all the waterings which human labour can administer.

The arrival of the *Swallow* about the middle of this month announces the approach of summer, and now all Nature assumes a more cheerful aspect. The swallow tribe is of all others the most inoffensive, harmless, entertaining, and

social: all, except one species, attach themselves to our houses, amuse us with their migrations, songs, and marvellous agility, and clear the air of gnats and other troublesome insects, which would, otherwise, much annoy and incommode us.

The return of the swallow, as well as of the numerous singing birds, which fill our woods, and 'pour their little throats' in praise of their great Creator, demands from us a grateful welcome.

The next bird which appears is that sweet warbler, the *motacilla lusciniæ*, or nightingale. Although the nightingale is common in this country, it never visits the northern parts of our island, and is but seldom seen in the western counties of Devonshire and Cornwall, or in Wales; though it annually visits Sweden. It leaves us sometimes in the month of August, and makes its regular return in the beginning of April.

So various, sweet, and continued, are the notes of this bird, that the songs of other warblers, taken in their utmost extent, appear despicable when compared with those of the nightingale. His variety seems inexhaustible; for he never repeats the same notes, the same time, at least servilely; and, if the same bar be heard twice, it is always upon a different key, and with new embellishments. This great Coryphæus of the spring, as often as he prepares to conduct the hymn of Nature, begins by feeble, timid, and indecisive tones, as if to try his instrument. By degrees, he assumes more confidence, becomes gradually more warm and animated, till, at last, like the antient musicians, he captivates and overwhelms his audience by the full exertion of his astonishing powers.

This bird's fame for music is often fatal to its liberty. In order to secure its song, it is frequently made a prisoner; and the greatest part of what is written on the subject, is with a view to instruct its tyrants how to perpetuate its slavery.

From the time of Homer (*Od. T.* 518) to the present day, the poets have ever considered the nightingale as a melancholy bird, and the tragic fable of Philomela still continues to be associated with this bird. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, all concur in describing the nightingale's strains as fraught with melancholy.

Virgil, Horace, Catullus, and Ovid, follow the example of the Greek poets, and perpetuate this classical error, which pervades almost all the descriptions of the nightingale in the modern poets. Some of the early English poets, however, have delineated this songster from nature, rather than from the descriptions of the antients; Chaucer calls her note 'merry'; and ISAAC WALTON, a writer of genuine feeling and classical simplicity, adds another testimony to the cheerful note of this bird: 'He, that at midnight, when the very labourers sleep securely, should hear, as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord! what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth."'

It is remarkable, that many of the gay and brilliant birds of America are destitute of the pleasing power of song, which is so peculiar a charm to the groves and fields of Europe; yet the notes of the *Mocking-thrush* of America are said to be of a livelier nature, a bolder strain, and of a more varied richness and force of tone, than the nightingale's. It sings both by day and night; and generally seats itself at the top of some small tree, where it exerts a voice so powerfully strong, and so sweetly melodious, as to charm, even to rapture, those who listen to its lays. If we may rely on the attestations of those who have resided on the western continent, all the thrilling sweetness and varied modulation of the nightingale must yield to the transcendent music of the songstress of America.

The spring flight of pigeons (*columbæ*) appears in this month, or early in the next. Pigeons are very prolific; they have but two at a time, and will breed seven or eight times in the year: the species called *monthly pigeons* produce young ones almost every month. From one pair of these birds it is computed, that, if properly managed, the astonishing number of 14,760 may be obtained in the course of four years. Mr. Gooch says, that many dove-houses produce annually one hundred dozen young pigeons.

## POETRY.

From the European Magazine, November 1817.

## THE BRIDE'S DIRGE.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS  
CHARLOTTE.

[By the Author of Hohenelm, Legends of Lapidosa,  
the Hall of Flowers, &c.]

The Western Islanders imagine that an apparition resembling a Mermaid, called Flora, or the spirit of the Green Isle, always precedes the death of a young and lovely Bride. This Apparition has been lately seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

A VOICE said from the silver sea,  
"Woe to thee, Green Isle!—woe to thee!"

The Warden from his watch-tow'r bent,  
But land, and wave, and firmament,  
So calmly slept, he might have heard  
The swift wing of the mountain-bird.—  
Nor breeze nor breath his beacon stirr'd,  
Yet from the unfathom'd caves below,  
Thrice came that drear, death-boding word  
And the long echoes answered, "Woe!"

The Warden from his tow'r looks round,  
And now he hears the slow waves bringing  
Each to the shore a silver sound,—  
The Spirit of the Isle is singing.—  
In depths which man hath never found!  
—When she sits in the pomp of her ocean-bed,  
With her scarf of light around her spread,  
The mariner thinks on the misty tide,  
He sees the moon's soft rainbow glide;  
Hersong in the noon of night he hears,  
And trembles while his bark he steers.—

## FLORA'S SONG.

I come in the morn!—I come in the hour  
When the blossoms of beauty rise,  
I gather the fairest and richest flower  
Where Heaven's dew purest lies.—  
Then rest thee, Bride!  
In thy beauty's pride,  
Thou wilt rest to-night by Flora's side!

The eye I touch must be soft and blue,  
As the sky where the stars are gleaming;  
And the breast must be fair as the fleecy clouds  
Where the angels of bliss lie dreaming:  
And the spirit within as pure and bright  
As the stream that leaps among tufts of roses,  
And sparkles along, all life and light,  
Then calm in its open bed reposes.

Ah!—rest thee, Bride!  
By thy true love's side,  
To-morrow a shroud his hope shall hide!

I saw them wreathing a crown for thee,  
With the riches of empires in it;  
But thy bridal robe was a winding-sheet,  
And the loves that crown'd thee sat to spin it.  
They heap'd with garland thy purple bed,  
And ev'ry flower on earth they found thee;  
But ev'ry flow'r in the wreath shall fade,  
Save those thy bounty scatter'd round thee.

Yet sweetly sleep,  
While my hour I keep,  
For angels to-night shall watch and weep.

O Green Isle!—woe to thy hope and pride!  
To-day thy rose was bright and glowing;  
The bud was full, the root was wide,  
And the stream of love around it flowing:—  
To-morrow thy tower shall stand alone,  
Thy hoary oak shall live and flourish,  
But the Dove from its branches shall be gone,  
The Rose that deck'd its stem shall perish.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nov. 6th, 1817.

V.

From the European Magazine.

## THE FESTIVAL OF NAURUZ.\*

[By the same.]

THE moon of Nauruz silvers yet  
Spahann's high tow'r and minaret;  
Eight times the golden bowl has pour'd  
Red nectar on the banquet board,  
And nymphs with purple feet have wav'd  
Their locks in myrrh and amber lav'd.  
Lah Illah! . . . thrice the holy song  
Has rung Shah Sephi's bow'rs among;—  
He sleeps on woven down reclin'd,  
While bath'd in balm, the sacred rose  
Around his perfum'd pillow glows,  
With Shirauz silver clusters twin'd;  
Soft sounds her slumb'ring ear surprise—  
A form in youthful beauty bright,  
Comes like the dream of rich delight,  
Seen by the love-warm'd poet's eyes.  
Such forms their gracious vigil keep,  
When rose-lipp'd Houris whisper sleep.

"Whence, and what art thou, form divine?"—  
"I *was*, I *am*, and shall *have been*!  
A vague unearthly form is mine,  
Dimly thro' painted shadows seen.

"I was the *Future*!—I have slept  
Unknown since Time himself was born,  
When on the sun's first glorious morn,  
Prophetic Allah paus'd and wept.

He saw me in the depths afar  
Of dark and drear Eternity;  
And ere he shap'd the earliest star,  
His changeless mission gave to me.

No longer veil'd, no longer dumb,  
I visit thy desiring eyes,  
From the wide throng of *things to come*,  
Where Happiness for ever lies!

Her shape, her presence, and her place,  
Men doubt, yet her existence feel;  
Thought cannot fix, nor Reason trace,  
The glances which her throne reveal.

In one pure beam of seeming white,  
The rainbow's richest tints they find;  
And Peace, the soul's unsullied light,  
Is ev'ry ray from heav'n combin'd:

\* On the eve of this festival, the Persian sovereign was visited by a beautiful stranger, who replied, when questioned, "I was the Future, I am the Present, and shall be the Past."

But when and where! . . . . I come to bring  
New treasures from the lap of Fate;  
Yet thou wilt ask another spring  
To open Joy's still distant gate.

I am the *Present*!--Now I lift  
The veil which hid my shining brow:  
That holy veil was Wisdom's gift,  
Tho' cluster'd roses crown me now.

Thou hear'st not while on flow'rs I tread,  
How swift my down-shod feet are gone;  
Thou seest my silver pinions spread,  
Forgetful how they waft me on!  
To-morrow, silent, sad, and cold,  
I join the throng of ages *Past*:  
And none shall find the threads of gold  
Wove in the veil by Fancy cast  
O'er dim unshap'd Futurity,  
When Youth and Pleasure smil'd for thee!  
Age, weeping Age, shall strive in vain  
To weave that precious veil again.

I go, and those who watch my track  
Thy bounties and thy pomp shall praise;  
But thou unheard shalt call me back  
Again on vanish'd joys to gaze.  
Thy scimitar may stamp my name  
On earth in adamant or brass  
In vain!--thy tow'rs of wealth and fame  
To darkness with thyself shall pass:  
Alike thy sceptre and thy tomb  
Shall moulder in oblivion's gloom.

But, in a tablet never trac'd  
By mortal eye or mortal hand,  
Thy deeds are graven undefac'd.  
Till by rewarding Allah scann'd:  
He in the fading rainbow writes  
The record of man's brief delights;  
But in the blest eternal Sun  
Preserves the fame by Virtue won.

Farewell!--the fated hour is near  
When I and all the Past shall rise  
Before assembled myriads' eyes,  
The fiat of our Judge to hear:  
Truth shall unveil his throne, and men  
Who fear him now, shall know him then!

\* \* \* \* \*

V.

From the London Literary Gazette.

#### POETIC FEELING,

*On 'Reading the Query--"In what consists the Essence of Poetry?"--in the last Number.*

**W**HEN the fountain of thought seems deserted and dry,  
Where springs then its source, and from whence  
its supply? - - - -  
Or how the sensations that sleep in the mind,  
From the the rude mass of chaos their order  
should find?

Thus bards have presum'd some invisible power  
Presides in, and prompts too, the fortunate  
hour,  
When the visions of fancy soft steal on the soul,  
And sway o'er the passions a witching control,  
Thoughts rush on the mind in the language of  
song,

And bear in their impulse the feelings along.  
The life of the patriot--the death of the brave--  
The tumult of battle--the perilous wave;  
The sallies of mirth, or the deep shades of woe,  
Tinge the colours of thought, like the radiant  
bow,

As in gay or in solemn gradations they rise,  
A cloud o'er the earth or a ray from the skies.

D.

From the Monthly Magazine, January 1818.

#### PHELAN AND SUSAN.

A TALE.

BY JOHN PENWARNE, ESQUIRE.

[This Tale is founded on an affecting and interesting event, which happened on board the Swallow sloop of war, in a most gallant and sanguinary action, which she maintained off Frejus, with a superior force, and is recorded in Bell's Weekly Messenger, of Saturday, August 16, 1812.]

**T**WAS on the hostile coast of France  
The Swallow spread her sail  
To brave the howling, wintry blast,  
Or court the summer gale.

To her no danger brought a dread,  
No adverse wind could blow,  
Tho' its wild wing in tempest swept,  
That bore her to a foe.

Among the bravest of her crew,  
Where all were truly brave,  
Young Phelan stood---with Liffey's stream  
He sought the ocean wave.

Good humour on his comely brow  
Had stamp'd her image bright;  
The foremost he in mirthful jest,  
As foremost in the fight.

To love the stoutest heart must bend,  
And Phelan had a bride,  
Whom Erin, long for beauty fam'd,  
Might justly deem her pride.

The courtly dame to her might well  
The wreath of beauty yield,  
Nurs'd not in luxury's gay parterre---  
A lily of the field.

None e'er her faultless form beheld,  
But own'd that she was fair;  
Tho' he that look'd into her heart  
Saw fairer beauties there.

When Phelan left the nuptial couch,---  
From Love's soft pleasures flew,  
To meet his country's foes in fight,  
And Susan bade adieu;

She begg'd, as kneeling on the deck,  
She might his danger share;  
His gallant captain she besought,  
And dropt the pleading tear.

Stern Discipline at first refus'd,  
In peremptory strain,  
But, to the brave and gallant breast,  
Can Beauty plead in vain?

Receiv'd on board, with grateful heart  
She fearless plough'd the wave;  
Nor once the generous chief repents  
The kind consent he gave.

Does sickness quail the hardy breast  
That fears no mortal foe,  
She watches at the hammock's side,  
To soothe the seaman's woe.

Persuasion spoke in Susan's voice,  
Who wayward man commands;  
And Med'cine's nauseous bitterest draught,  
Came sweeten'd from her hands.

Did dire disease o'er life prevail,  
The passage safe she show'd;  
Her piety the polar star  
That steer'd him to his God.

No eye licentious ever rests  
On Susan's glowing charms;  
An angel minist'ring she seems,  
And Vice itself disarms.

Each bosom own'd the sacred shield  
That Virtue o'er her spread,  
And tongues, tho' all unus'd to prayer,  
Pray'd blessings on her head.

One summer's morn, as rose the sun  
Above the eastern wave,  
One general high-exulting shout  
The gallant seamen gave.

For lo! it gilds a foeman's sail,  
Slow stealing under land,  
Where Frejus' ramparts rising near  
The subject waves command.

"A sail--a sail!" "Your canvas spread,  
Catch all the winds that blow;  
For action clear!" the captain cries,  
"Hoist out the boats and tow."

"Another sail!--another yet!"  
The watchful seaman cried.

"Three sail---each equal us in force,"  
The captain now replied,

"Are fearful odds! but say, my lads,  
Say, shall we fight or fly?"  
A shout declar'd the brave resolve  
To conquer or to die!

"Then be it so,---to quarters beat,  
And here we wait the foe;  
The Swallow never strikes her flag,  
Tho' Fate may lay it low."

Nail'd to the mast, the rising wind  
Its crosses proud display'd,  
As conscious of the gallant crew  
That fought beneath its shade.

Now lovely Susan came on deck,  
To stand at Phelan's side,  
But to the surgeon's aid assign'd,  
The wife obey'd and sigh'd.

The distant thunder of the war  
At first assails her ear;  
Louder and louder bursts the roar---  
The conflict is more near.

The ship now tremblesevery beam,  
As she her light'ning pours;  
Like pattering hail against her sides  
The grape-shot fall in showers.

If Susan heav'd the timid sigh,  
'Twas Phelan woke her fear;  
If fled the roses from her cheek,  
They strew'd the fancied bier.

Now many a wounded seaman brave  
Their messmates bear below;  
From many a ghastly gaping wound  
She saw the life-stream flow.

From many a dying hero's brow  
She wip'd the damps of Death;  
And many a gallant heart she cheer'd  
In life's last fleeting breath;

Embalm'd with Friendship's tenderest tear  
The corse of many a friend;  
When from the slaughter-loaded deck  
These direful sounds descend:

"Phelan is wounded!"---up she springs,  
And rolls her frenzied eyes;  
She gains the deck---in mortal pangs  
Her dearest Phelan lies.

Clasp'd in her arms, his dying form  
Is to her bosom prest;  
His death-dull eye bespoke the soul  
A longing lingering guest.

"Cheer up, my husband, cheer!" she cried,  
"We are not doom'd to part!"  
Too true she spoke,---for wing'd with fate,  
A bullet reach'd her heart.

O kindest Fate! that spar'd the pang,  
The keenest pang of Death:  
Their last sighs mingle, as to Heaven  
They yield their parting breath.

The hardy seamen gather round,  
And o'er the faithful pair,  
From eyes that were unus'd to weep  
Fell Pity's tenderest tear.

Whilst on the conquer'd yielding foe,  
The mingled glance is flung,  
Of grief and vengeance,---Victory's shout  
Dies fault'ring on the tongue.

From La Belle Assemblee, December 1817.

### "EVENING HOURS."

These Poems are written by a youth, between the early ages of fifteen and nineteen: they are interesting on that account, as well as for their merit. Some of them possess a melancholy feature, but it is in the plaintive that this young poet seems most to excel; and, indeed, we have ever thought that style the most harmonious to poesy.---It has been our peculiar province ever to be indulgent to rising genius, and to endeavour to build up that name which, though possessing talents, is too often destitute of celebrity and high renown; and we strongly recommend (while we would wish many a poetaster to lay down his pen) to the author of *Evening Hours*, an unremitting cultivation of a talent which promises soon to place him amongst our best modern poets.---Though the following Ode is more irregular than Odes should be, in general, yet this extract we found extremely beautiful.

### TO GENIUS.

GENIUS! who on the rugged brow  
Of some stupendous mountain lov'st to dwell,

And o'er the blue wave bending low,  
Watching the waters as they flow,  
Delight'st to see the foaming billows swell--  
Or, turning up the fitful eye,  
Where roll the dark clouds in the sky,  
As the wing'd storm is passing by,  
Dost muse as well---

Bear me to the wild-flower seat,  
Where never yet the velvet feet  
Of dappled deer have learned to stray,  
And scarce Apollo kens the way:  
Or, if I may not daring soar  
Beyond the tempest's maddening roar;  
Beyond where winged lightnings part,  
And Jove's own awful thunders start;  
Beyond the sun's diurnal sphere,  
And far above the rolling year---  
Oh! grant me in some lonely cave,  
Just where the rippling billows lave,  
And bound upon the stony beach,  
But dare not to the entrance reach,  
To sit, and think, and ponder o'er  
Deeds that are past, and days of yore---  
The ancient minstrel's breathing lay---  
The warriors arm'd for dreadful fray---  
The lover's melancholy tomb---  
The mouldering monastery's gloom---  
Till all of Gothic grandeur spread  
Its chivalry around my head,  
And all my soul is fit to be  
Inspir'd, and harmonized by thee.

Methinks my sounding lyre should make  
 Sweet music on the rocky shore ;  
 While laughing light-lipp'd nymphs awake,  
 And every inmost cave explore.  
 Before the earliest beam of morn  
 Gilds the green wave where Ganges flows,  
 Or ere the dew forsakes the thorn,  
 Or blushes paint the opening rose,  
 Breathe in my soul the magic spark---  
 The unseen, intellectual ray---  
 Illume the now chaotic dark,  
 And chase these earthy dregs away !  
 Oh then, nor folly's vacant smile,  
 Nor haughty ignorance, nor rage,  
 Nor flattery's bland delusive wile,  
 Though each should tempt me for an age,  
 Should turn my feet, my eyes from thee---  
 No---to thy garment's hem I'd cling,  
 And shut each ear to vanity.

FROM "RETROSPECTION."

Just as the traveller, when his toils are past,  
 His own home rising to his view at last,  
 Feels a new energy in every vein,  
 And in the transport quite forgets his pain,  
 Forgets how many weary miles he stray'd  
 O'er barren hills, along the sunny glade,  
 Feels on his lips the mother's kiss imprest,  
 And seems to clasp his infants to his breast---  
 So he who through this irksome vale of tears,  
 This pilgrimage of life, reviews his years,  
 Straying perchance, on some endearing spot  
 That was not, could not, ne'er would be forgot,  
 Must feel within him every joy return,  
 Swell in his bosom, in his memory burn,  
 And circling like the life-blood in his heart,  
 To the cold woe-worn pulse fresh fire impart ;  
 Smooth on his time-touch'd brow the marks of age,

And with infantile scenes his soul engage ;  
 Pleas'd he forgets the lapse of years between,  
 And seems to be once more as he had been.

Are such the shadows of the past ? oh give  
 Them always to remain---long as I live  
 I'll cherish their remembrance, and wear  
 It as an amulet against despair !"

TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Spirit ! be my companion, for I love,  
 Though young, to wander in the sacred haunts  
 Where thou delight'st to dwell---the tangling  
 wood

The shade embosom'd in the forest depths---  
 And at the hallow'd hour, when the round  
 moon

Shines through the lofty arches, and long aisles  
 Of nature's own cathedral---  
 I'm told 'tis all romance---nought but the  
 dreams

Of visionary youth---then be it so ;  
 These are the dreams I love, and if I fail  
 To picture thee, in all thy varied charms,  
 As I would woo thee, 'tis the head or hand,  
 Not the enthusiast's heart, must wear the  
 shame.

Spirit ! I love thee to idolatry ;  
 The aged pilgrim, clasping in his arms,  
 After long journeying, and successive toil,  
 On Calvary's top, a relic of the cross,  
 Scarce feels so much devotion.  
 For thee I would keep vigils from the hour  
 Of silent calm till the faint streaks of dawn  
 Prelude the coming of the risen day.  
 For thee I'd steal me from the busy world,  
 And cast away its siren blandishments,  
 Yea, dash untasted from my averted lip  
 The sparkling cup that Pleasure in her hand

Holds, and proclaims so joyous---let me start,  
 With thee and Fancy, through the pathless air,  
 And wing my way o'er boundless solitudes,  
 Beyond the regions of the central sun,  
 To where the Deity enshrouded sits  
 In his own glory on the sapphire's blaze,  
 And learn how angels modulate their praise."

From the Monthly Magazine December, 1817.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING LALLA ROOKH. BY  
 THOMAS FURLONG.

AH ! Moore, there are those that have  
 thoughtfully said,  
 That genius was given thee in vain,  
 While the dreams of depravity haunted thy  
 head,

And impurity prompted thy strain.  
 There are those, who in feeling ne'er went  
 with the throng,

That thy taste and thy talent could own ;  
 That could dwell with delight on the turns of  
 thy song,

But the subject displeas'd them alone.

Let them look on the lays of thy childhood no  
 more,

Let them search not the sins of thy youth ;  
 But turn to the strain thou hast ventur'd to  
 pour

O'er the followers of freedom and truth :  
 Let them gaze on the volume here given to the  
 view,

Whose spirit shall new ages illumine,  
 When the eye, in whose light it first flourish'd  
 and grew,

Shall be clos'd in the night of the tomb.

Let them learn from young Azun the fervor of  
 love,

And the brightness of truth, and the spirit of  
 bravery ?

From the Peri, the joys of the blessed above,  
 And from Hafed the hatred of slavery.

And, oh ! when they turn from the soul-mov-  
 ing lay,

If their hearts are as cold as the poet first  
 found them,

May the day-star of freedom ne'er lighten  
 their way,

Or rapture or love never sparkle around  
 them.

From the Monthly Magazine, December 1817.

EPIGRAM,

*On the Return of the Fruitless Embassy to  
 China, in consequence of Lord Amherst refus-  
 ing to comply with the Custom of the Coun-  
 try, by knocking his Head nine times against  
 the Ground.*

IT has often been said, "If to Rome you  
 must go,  
 You should do just exactly as Rome's people  
 do."

Should the Pope from the foot of his throne  
 pop his toe,

'Tis an honor esteem'd to salute it we know :  
 And, if to St. James's grand court you repair,  
 The kissing of hands is the etiquette there !

Then why should Lord Amherst his noddle  
 profound,

Refuse for to knock nine-times-nine 'gainst  
 the ground ?

Tho' the custom seems odd, whosoe'er might  
 begin it,

No harm could have happen'd if nothing was  
 in it !

Leamington Priors ; Aug. 1817.

EST SIBI.